**Scranton of Pennsylvania** *Murray Kempton*


# THE NEW REPUBLIC

*February 16, 1963, 35 cents*


## Go Home, Buddy Glass

*John Wain*

## "Now Let Man Take Over"

*Lewis Mumford*

**Tempest in a Gallery**
*Abraham Brumberg*

**A-Bombs for All?**
*Robert Osgood*

**Conferencemanship**
*C. B. Marshall*

**General de Gaulle**
*Raymond Aron*


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# T.R.B. *from Washington*

*Too Bad*

★ President Buchanan could have suppressed insurrection but he was caught in a dilemma. His sympathies were Southern, he had three secessionists in his Cabinet, and he lived in slovenly, feckless Washington which was a Southern city. He pleaded with the South not to secede – this urbane, handsome, immaculate man – explaining that it wasn't constitutional. But, he explained, if they did, he didn't think it was constitutional for him to stop them either. Under the Constitution there was really nothing for Buchanan to do, you see, so he did nothing, insuring the Civil War and dumping the whole thing into Lincoln's lap.

Poor Lyndon Johnson has been in the same cruel dilemma in the anti-filibuster fight. He felt sorry that the Southern minority wouldn't permit the Senate majority to bring the cloture issue to a vote. As presiding officer he might, of course, have intervened, but that would have been unconstitutional (he felt). If it is true that his predecessor, Richard Nixon, when asked point-blank by Southern leader Richard Russell (D, Ga.) in 1961 if he held that the rule requiring a two-thirds vote at the start of the session was "unconstitutional," replied tersely, "The chair does." But that was Nixon; Johnson, like Buchanan, had plausible reasons for staying out of it and these, of course, had nothing to do with his Presidential aspirations in 1968. And so everybody yawned, everybody except Paul Douglas and Hubert Humphrey and a few others, and said it was too bad about the civil rights' aspirations of the Negroes, and ridiculed the liberals for supposing that they could make democracy work in the United States Senate with the 20th Century still so young.

About this time next year the first Presidential primaries will be starting. A few months thereafter we will be in the whoop-la of conventions, platforms and a campaign. Will Mr. Kennedy have much of his legislative program through Congress by then? Chances are, No. We shall be surprised if the Administration has a particularly brilliant legislative record to display to the voters. Most of the Kennedy proposals are leftovers. Education, health, agriculture, foreign aid, medicare and the rest are being sent up. Compromises of one sort or another may pass but there seems little change in the legislative atmosphere to make one expect this session to produce a substantially different result from the last.

The fact is, foreign affairs have surged into the forefront again; the President will have his time filled just trying to preserve Western unity, if he can do that, let alone crusading for domestic reforms. A great deal of legislative energy is going into the tax bill, into denouncing foreign leaders and, of course on the part of the GOP, into denouncing Mr. Kennedy.

*Kennedy and Canada*

★ Meanwhile it looks as though the United States were going to be denounced a good deal up in Canada for the next few months by Mr. Diefenbaker, who is a kind of Midwest Republican-type, rather like former Senator Capehart, only brighter. There is a sibling relationship between Canada and the USA which has always been a bit difficult. Big brother US is aggravatingly patronizing or exasperatingly indifferent, while, on the other hand, younger brother Canada carries a chip on its sensitive shoulder, always looking for that very air of condescension which it invariably finds (or at any rate, imagines). We are everlastingly asking the outraged Canadians, in effect, "Are you still using that greasy kid stuff?" and forgetting how irritating that must be. For this part of the problem we don't think there's any answer; we shall just go on being siblings, exasperating but liking each other. However, in this instance it would be a mistake to deny that there is also a real difference of opinion. Washington was brusque and has apologized, but the problem lies deeper. It is a problem we have round the free world. We have a monopoly of the nuclear bomb and we feel that this is fine, we should keep it and our allies should be happy that we are protecting them so well. But de Gaulle wasn't happy, and Diefenbaker wasn't happy. Washington feels that Diefenbaker wasn't making adequate contribution to North American defense and that he wasn't telling his countrymen all the facts. It helped the rather sticky US position some when Diefenbaker's defense minister Harkness resigned and said his chief ought to accept US nuclear warheads. As to how this extremely difficult point is to be settled, involving nuclear weapons, severe costs and national pride – that's up to the Canadians.

*Catholics and Schools*

★ John F. Kennedy, a Catholic, has once more sent up a federal aid for education bill which the Catholic hierarchy denounces. The church leaders want Catholic children to go to parochial schools and the state to help support them. Mr. Kennedy says this would be unconstitutional and it is hard for most onlookers who try to be dispassionate about it not to agree with him. The church leaders, however, say, "No, it is constitutional, and anyway, we have the power in Congress to block federal aid for all children unless we get state support, and we shall exercise the power no matter how much America needs better equipment, better teachers and better schools."

The uses of religion have always fascinated us. In one community it means that you can't eat pork, in another that you can't eat meat on Fridays; in one community it means that you can't buy beer on the Sabbath, in another that the Sabbath comes on Saturdays, not Sundays. In Central America where the world's birthrate is extraordinarily high, religion forbids birth control, while here in America it means that the federal government can't pass a desperately needed bill to aid the schools. We mull it over and we find no answer. It is all done in the name of religion, and generally in the name of Christianity. What would Jesus make of all this, we sometimes wonder?

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**THE NEW REPUBLIC** *A Journal of Opinion Volume 148 Number 7 Issue 2517 February 16, 1963*
*Published weekly (except for omissions of four summer issues) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 6, D. C. Phone: FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $5.00. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address.**Copyright© 1963 by Harrison-Blaine, Inc.**Item g. Second class Imprint, reading Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.

# The Cuban Build-Up

THE WEEK

*3. The Cuban Build-Up; Goose Chase; Controlling Farm Surpluses; The Return of Roosevelt; Bang, Bang, You're Dead; Foreign Reports*

ARTICLES

*8. What of the Grand Design? by Raymond Aron*

*9. Scranton of Pennsylvania by Murray Kempton*

*12. "Now Let Man Take Over" by Lewis Mumford*

*15. Notes on Conferencemanship by Charles Burton Marshall*

*17. Tempest in a Gallery by Abraham Brumberg*

DEPARTMENTS

*21. Books 24. Feiffer 25. Films*
*26. Art 28. Records 30. Correspondence*

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The President's "Cuban honeymoon," which began October 28 when Khrushchev agreed to withdraw his medium-range missiles from the island, is over. Members of Congress are again demanding that Kennedy "do something" about "the Communist base 90 miles from home," although they are quite vague about what they want him to do.

The Administration has so far kept its finger off the panic button. New shipping restrictions were announced last week, but these will do little more than increase the cost and inconvenience to the Soviets of their aid program to Cuba. Western shipping had already dropped from 60 ships per month last summer to 15 in January; a reduction to zero would compel the Soviets to handle the whole Cuban trade in their own bottoms, but they could do this by chartering Western ships for trade with other nations.

Shipping aside, the Administration's policy is to watch and wait, in the hope that time is on America's side, that Castro is losing prestige, and that the Soviets will eventually prove unwilling to pay their $1 million a day bill for supporting Castro's economy. Regrettably, there is no "hard" evidence to support any of these assumptions. Will the Cubans voluntarily dump the leader who successfully defied both American and Soviet demands that he admit inspectors? Why would the Soviets tire of paying $1 million a day to keep Cuba afloat? The US spends close to $10 million a day to support its allies.

What we know (not what we hear) is that Cuba's defenses now include 102 MIG fighters, 42 of which are 1,000 mph MIG-21's; radar and antiaircraft missile cover for the entire island; 12 Komar patrol boats equipped with missiles for use against enemy ships; four or five coast defense missile sites with 150 missiles; and 5,000 Soviet combat troops organized into four battalion-size armored units with mortars, heavy T-54 tanks, anti-tank weapons, and 25-mile FROG missiles comparable to the US Honest John. The FROGS, according to Secretary McNamara, have both conventional and nuclear capabilities, though no nuclear warheads or nuclear storage facilities have been detected.

Given such defenses, authoritative estimates suggest that an invasion would be as bloody as Korea. Nor is there any reason to believe that US intervention could assure a stable, democratic post-Castro government; three generations of Cuban patriots failed to create such a government, and they worked without the stigma of foreign support. By a massive stroke, the US could, of course, "win" in Cuba;

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## *What's that Nelson?*

*"What is the situation in Cuba today? Again, we don't really know. All we know is that Senator Ken Keating has again been prodding and probing – and that this produced an admission from the President at his press conference last week that a new shipment of offensive weapons had reached Cuba since our blockade was lifted."*

– GOVERNOR NELSON ROCKEFELLER
*January 29, 1963*

At the Presidential press conference on January 24, to which Governor Rockefeller refers, there was the following question and answer:

Q: Mr. President, there are new reports of a Soviet military build-up in Cuba. I wonder if there is any truth to this report and if it might pose a threat to our intelligence operation there, our surveillance.

A: No, we have been conducting continued surveillance. The best information we have is that one ship has arrived since the October crisis, which may have arms on it, possibly military cargo. But there has not been a military build-up in that sense of the equipment coming in from outside of Cuba. There is no evidence that this ship carried any offensive weapons.

but that would not be the end of it. Cubans have taken to the hills before: an invasion would be followed by a long, drawn out guerrilla war and a protracted military and political commitment by the US comparable to the one in Vietnam. Among the dead there would be Russians as well as Americans and Cubans. (In addition to 5,000 Soviet combat troops the Pentagon reports at least 12,000 Soviet military "advisers" and civilian technicians.) The Alliance for Progress would be another of the casualties.

So a policy of quick victory seems to be out. The President himself ruled it out last fall when he said that the US would "neither initiate nor permit aggression in the Western Hemisphere." That pledge, it is important to remember, was in no way conditional on Cuba's admitting UN inspectors to look for offensive weapons. It was conditional only on Cuba's refraining from any attack on another Latin American state. No such attack seems likely. The Soviet military build-up in Cuba does not, Secretary McNamara noted on February 6, include any amphibious capabilities. Nor, he added, is there any evidence that Cuba has been engaged in subverting other Latin American governments. (This despite the claims from Venezuela, Peru and elsewhere that their recent troubles were brewed in Havana.)

Barring a powerful assault, what is left? An invasion by refugees alone is out of the question; only a full-scale US attack could penetrate Cuba's formidable defenses. There has been talk of organizing guerrillas inside Cuba, relying on CIA for supplies. But is any responsible authority convinced that the peasants or the militia or the Army would support the guerrillas, or that the exiles have the talent to run a successful guerrilla war?

Still another possibility, widely discussed in the last few weeks, has been to repeat the tactics of last October. The President might, for instance, issue an ultimatum requiring that the Soviets withdraw their military units, and perhaps also their military equipment. If they refuse, there could be a blockade of military equipment, or even oil. So long as Cuba poses only a psychological rather than a military threat to the rest of the hemisphere, however, such brinkmanship would be extremely hard to justify.

There remains the possibility, still being explored, of a bilateral deal with the Soviets. The grounds for such a deal are not, however, easy to discern. The Soviets are deeply committed to the survival of *fidelismo* in Cuba. The US is as deeply committed to its destruction. So long as the Soviets believe that the US actively seeks the overthrow of Castro's regime, will they not continue to reinforce that regime militarily so that the price of invasion remains high? If the US adopted a "live and let live" policy with Cuba, treating it as it treats Czechoslovakia or Yugoslavia, the Soviets might perhaps contemplate military disengagement, but even that is uncertain. Short of a radical change in US policy, under which Communism in the Western Hemisphere was treated in the same way as elsewhere, the most we can hope for is probably small reductions in Soviet forces, as Cubans learn to operate their newly acquired weapons and as confidence grows that a US invasion is not imminent. Some cuts have already taken place, though their purpose is unclear.

As the President observed at his February 7 press conference, Cuba is not a threat to the US. Nor need it be allowed to become a threat to other Latin American governments if they are prepared to take the necessary precautions. It is, certainly, an annoyance. But in a world where we are not omnipotent annoyances must be tolerated.

# Goose Chase

Senator Dodd has promised that the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee will conduct further hearings into the possibly subversive enterprise of three radio stations operated by the Pacifica Foundation, a non-



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profit, tax exempt organization in California. The pickings will not be lush since the Pacifica officials testified fully about their political beliefs at the closed sessions; whatever hopes the committee may have entertained of their invoking the Fifth did not pan out.

All three stations (two in California, one in New York) are exemplary in what they have set out to do. Their programs convey every shading of political belief, from the John Birch Society to the American Communists. Their facilities have been made available to homosexuals and a former agent of the FBI; they carry broadcasts from Radio Moscow and from the BBC. Speakers are clearly identified. The California state legislature has endorsed Pacifica's objectives and support has come from, among others, the Hearst press. Pacifica is sustained by 28,000 subscribers who pay $12 each a year. It has also been the recipient of a Ford Foundation Grant. One of its stations has won a Peabody Award. The Senate Subcommittee may be trying to smear Pacifica at this time because some of its stations' licenses are up for review by the FCC.

# Controlling Farm Surpluses

Coming after the rejection of the Administration's farm policy in the opening session of the last Congress and the grudging passage of a bill applying the principle of "supply management" to one crop – wheat – in the final days of that same Congress, Mr. Kennedy's third message on agriculture was bound to look like a retreat. Commentators fastened on the President's repeated use of the word voluntary, and saw in it a change of viewpoint. What they overlooked is that *voluntary* is a word with a special meaning in the arcane world of agricultural legislation.

"These successes," wrote the President, after enumerating what his Administration already had done for farmers, "have been made possible by a series of Congressional and Executive actions undertaken in the last two years. The principles underlying these actions are further pursued in the recommendations contained in this message." These actions were the *voluntary* price support legislation to which the critics refer. But Mr. Kennedy goes on to say in the next sentence, "The success of these principles also calls for an affirmative vote in the forthcoming wheat referendum, to be held under the permanent legislation enacted by the Congress last year." This Wheat Act is, however, a "supply management" law of the very type called *compulsory* by those who feel that the government should regulate only prices, not output.

Customarily, all farm laws providing for the control of agricultural output through marketing quotas are subject to approval by the farmers who grow the particular crop that is to be controlled. If wheat cost about $1.80 a bushel in US markets in 1962 while the price in the world market was about one-third less, that was because American producers of the grain, as well as the Congress with the approval of the President, voted to limit wheat production and price it so. The same procedure was followed in the other so-called "basic mandatory" price-supported crops: cotton, rice, tobacco, peanuts; all these programs were subject to ratification by referenda, requiring a two-thirds majority.

At present the sole exception to this procedure among the six basic commodities is the law applicable to corn and the other grains fed to livestock. The output of such feed grains is reduced by offering each "complier" a cash bonus of 18 cents a bushel on the corn raised on his cutback acreage. So the rule appears to be: no marketing quota, no referendum – but it's a *voluntary* matter just the same. Since marketing quotas are nothing more than strings of slippery numbers – such quotas are derived, under current law, by computing the amount of crop a farmer can grow *in theory* on a given acreage – the real struggle is not between those who favor freedom or force, compulsion or voluntary action in the farm economy. It is between those who like a system of elastic controls which any farmer can stretch by dowsing his fields with fertilizers and using a host of other tillage tricks, and those who believe that output should be so effectively controlled that even under a regime of high, supported prices crop surpluses will not accumulate.

# The Return of Roosevelt

Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., when he was first elected to the House of Representatives in 1949 to fill a vacancy left by the death of Sol Bloom, was the hope of New York Democrats. To the magic of the family name he added his own personal magnetism. But from then on it was downhill all the way. His two-plus terms as a Congressman were marked by a lazy indifference to legislative duty. In 1954, running for Attorney-General of New York, he was the only statewide Democratic candidate who was defeated. They said "the bosses" cut him; so did many disenchanted voters.

He moved to Virginia, bouncing back into the news occasionally; once when he became the handsomely-paid legal representative of dictator Trujillo; later when he differed with the Bureau of Internal Revenue about the amount of taxes he owed the federal government (his petition to upset the Bureau's finding is still before the tax court); and recently when he was deprived of his driver's license.

His only visible political activity since 1954 was on behalf of John F. Kennedy in the 1960 West Virginia



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primary. (His mother preferred Senator Humphrey, who, she said, had "the spark of greatness.") In a state where President Roosevelt's picture still hung in every postoffice, Franklin, Jr., was brought in to introduce Senator Kennedy. Roosevelt spoke for 10 minutes, the candidate for five. It was Roosevelt they came to see. There's no doubt his campaigning was helpful, though there was an embarrassing incident when Mr. Roosevelt implied that Senator Humphrey's 4-F status in World War II perhaps reflected on his willingness to fight for his country.

In June of 1960 on the Jack Paar show, Senator Kennedy hinted that in his Administration there would be a place for FDR, Jr. Two years went by. Juniority seemed to have no seniority. Secretary McNamara vetoed a White House suggestion that Roosevelt be named Secretary of the Navy. There was talk of sending him to Rome as Ambassador, but Roosevelt is said to have turned down the idea.

Last week, however, the President nominated Roosevelt to be Undersecretary of Commerce. The Senate consenting, he will soon be number-two man in the Department with considerable responsibility for both policy and management. Mr. Hodges, that amiable gentleman, is reported to be delighted.

# Bang, Bang, You're Dead

For some years an entrepreneur in Hollywood made his pile selling women an old French remedy to renew their sagging bosoms. Recently he turned to pushing submachine guns, bazookas and pistols, a more profitable enterprise for him and his associates in the mail-order business, judging from sales figures. One company has shown annual net sales of $1 million; another sold 77,000 snub-nosed .22 caliber pistols to children, crooks, dope addicts, assorted imbeciles, and citizens presumably desiring only to shoot at dumb animals and targets.

Shooting has become particularly popular among the California sub-teen set: A youngster opened his door one day to find his friend standing there with a mail-order pistol leveled at his stomach. "Don't be afraid," said the friend, "it isn't loaded." The gun went off; the child dropped dead. Two brothers, 10 and 14, sat enthralled by a TV Western in their Beverly Hills home. The elder suddenly got up and ran into the bedroom, returning with a pistol which went off into his brother. The injured boy "fell in the doorway and because of the agony and screaming, he put the balance of the five shells into his brother to take him out of his agony," police officers recalled. The elder brother had purchased his pistol at school from another youngster who had obtained it via mail-order.

Mail-order firms who find the public tiring of its desire to own standard-size pistols are encouraging novelty items. One is a ball-point pen gun. "The new amazing ball-point pen gun. Looks like a ball-point pen. Writes like a ball-point pen, but clearly built into the other end is a .22 caliber pistol. $4.95." One boy was very angry when his ball-point pen .22 blew up in his face. He wrote a letter demanding either a new gun or his money back. A 13-year-old boy in San Francisco bought a Russian bazooka for $9. An advertisement suggesting "Submachine Gun on Father's Day" proposes a novel gift for dad.

The ultimate in this bizarre business is a West Coast company, quite properly described as able and willing to "sell you a war wholesale." You can buy PT boats, rifles, pistols, ammunition, grenades, machine guns and other necessary materiel for staging a small war.

Any person in the country can purchase one of these weapons from a mail-order firm, providing he can write his name and put up the cash. (A .22 pistol can be bought for as little as $5.) To receive interstate shipments the customer must purchase a Federal Firearms License. One can buy it at a post office for $1, no questions asked. Just sign your name, and fake your age at 21.

Many of the weapons are imported from Europe in pieces and labeled "scrap metal," or "parts," to avoid high taxes otherwise levied on assembled firearms. If the weapon in question has a long barrel, the importer saws it off. (The market demands concealed weapons.) If it has a blank barrel, an open barrel is shipped in the same package with instructions for installation. Sometimes a box of free ammunition is sent as an added incentive. In states where there are strict regulations governing sale of firearms, mail-order companies first ship parts to a dummy corporation located in another state, which assembles the gun, and sends it along to the customer.

Gang members are using concealed pistols with greater frequency, according to the police. Indeed, they threaten to replace the switchblade as the "angel of death." Actually the weapons are of poor quality to begin with, and once the barrel has been cut down, they are likely to explode or, at any rate, to be extremely inaccurate. Creative kids have found ways of fixing up blank starter pistols so that they can shoot tiny pins at a velocity sufficient to pierce the skull; a BB pellet ejected from such a pistol will go through a thick telephone book.

All this ghoulish information was produced in testimony before the Senate subcommittee to investigate Juvenile Delinquency by officers from the Los Angeles police department. Nine police officers have been slain in Los Angeles since 1957 with mail-order type pistols. In Washington a subcommittee inquiry showed that 50



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deliveries of mail-order weapons out of a total 200 went to individuals with criminal records. The Los Angeles officers are urging the Congress to adopt legislation which would prevent interstate shipment of mail-order firearms to criminals, juveniles and the mentally ill. No matter how stiff the state firearms laws, they claim, it is impossible to clamp down on the mail-order companies which do their business interstate.

James Ridgeway

## FOREIGN REPORTS

### *Napoleon? Ce n'est pas Moi*

★ The house of Jean Monet shook in a wild wind. By Monday the Italians had rallied stoutly to the British, deploring the breakdown of the Common Market talks, pledging anew their friendship, divided only on the means to stop de Gaulle. Already the Dutch had said they would boycott the February ministerial meetings in protest against France. On Wednesday, with acrimony between the French and British growing, Lord Home acidly told the House of Lords that should the Franco-German treaty become an instrument to dominate Europe or to destroy the NATO alliance, that would be a "most dangerous development." For Europe to engage in some kind of a "balancing act" between America and Russia was an idea that had "no appeal whatever."

And in Paris that afternoon General de Gaulle held a reception at the Elysee Palace for the deputies of the National Assembly. There, he indulged as *Le Monde* said, in "gratuitous slander": "Mr. Macmillan, whom I like very much, had me compared by the English press to Hitler. He knows me well enough to know that this is out of the question. I have even been compared to Napoleon. . . ."

"Perhaps, Mon General," said one deputy, "you have rendered a service to Mr. Macmillan in the matter of the internal politics of Great Britain." To which the General replied, "Ah well, he deserves it."

Of the United States he said, "Making use of England, America is seeking, in fact, to establish a vast liberal exchange deal with the Irish, the Icelanders, *et al.*" He was further quoted, "The Americans can no longer sell – or they sell for nothing – to the Africans, the South Americans and even to the Arabs. They must try to sell to Europeans, who would be able to pay."

Once these remarks were reported and received with fury in Britain, the French released a communique warning the public to be on guard against so-called statements which General de Gaulle was supposed to have made. It suggested that the public only "take into account the words pronounced publicly and directly by General de Gaulle." And this despite the fact that the remarks in question were first reported by the French national news agency.

Meanwhile, in Bonn Chancellor Adenauer was delivering a milquetoast speech to the Bundestag. The Chancellor came out in favor of just about everything: NATO, the British, the French, the Common Market, the Americans and the Franco-German accord which he was asking the Bundestag to ratify.

Most West Germans are deeply worried at the thought of maintaining trade barriers against the outside world, which would produce reciprocal barriers against German exports to America, Britain and the Commonwealth, and to the European Free Trade Association countries. And although they fear the financial implications of President Kennedy's demand for bigger conventional NATO forces and are unhappy over increased reliance on Polaris, they are not for one moment unwilling to accept American military leadership of the Western Alliance. Nevertheless, when Finance Minister Erhard criticized Adenauer's policy, and offered to take over as Chancellor, his Christian Democratic colleagues were upset at his gaucherie. Adenauer apparently still reigns supreme.

### *Who Needs Democracy?*

★ Under its new constitution South Korea will elect a president in May, and he will almost certainly be General Park Chung Hee, the chairman of the Supreme Council for National Construction which has ruled with a heavy military hand since it overthrew the elected government of Dr. John Chang in the spring of 1961. As president, General Park will sit atop a puppet government composed of a one-house legislature which can neither overrule his dictates nor fire the members of his cabinet. Independents will be forbidden to run for office because they are not members of an established political party. General Park regards this latter provision as the *sine qua non* of a democratic system in Korea. He has taken pains to see that there will be two parties, a "ruling" one called the Democratic-Republican Party and established in the junta's behalf by the former chief of the Korean Central Intelligence Agency, and an "opposition" party, as yet unnamed, which will function so long as it correctly understands the General's conception of opposition. This, for instance, precludes the emergence of socialist parties, and excludes 2,000 or so "undesirable" politicians. (The General has promised to take some of these off the black list if they show "distinct repentance" and if it is "deemed necessary for the benefit of the country.")

Not very many Koreans would mind Park's dictatorship if it could raise the standard of living. Last year



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his regime organized an ambitious five-year plan. It called for spending $2.5 billion to build up heavy industry in a land which is now predominantly agricultural. This has had some bad side-effects. Prices keep going up; and government intervention has begun to discourage foreign investment. Light industry, which had been moving steadily ahead, has recently reduced its output. If, however, Park's regime is able to reach agreement with Japan on resumption of trading relations (broken off when the Japanese departed after World War II), Korea will benefit from more than $600 million in direct loans and considerable investment.

NOTHING HAS BEEN DONE TO ALLAY DE GAULLE'S SUSPICIONS

# What of the Grand Design?

*Paris*

The *sine die* breaking off of the Brussels negotiations and General de Gaulle's veto of British entry into the Common Market have had an impact on the entire European Community. Yet in my opinion, there is no need to fear spectacular reprisals from France's five Common Market partners or the disintegration overnight of the Market. The Six already have very substantial common interests. Also, France still holds some trump cards and her emissaries may yet receive instructions enabling them not only to demonstrate their firmness, but also their good will and their ability to hold forth inducements. I must add, however, that if it is to flourish the European Community requires a climate of mutual trust and friendship, and it will take time and patient effort to restore this atmosphere.

Although the question of formal responsibility is not open to debate (de Gaulle was *the* one responsible for the collapse of the negotiations – in fact, he wanted to be), this is not true in considering the substance of the controversy. Great Britain did not greet the Common Market with open arms, and her attempt first to set up an extensive free-trade zone and then the organizing of the small free-trade zone can properly be classed as power politics. Since formally requesting admission to the Market the British Government, harassed by Labourite opposition, by the Commonwealth, and even by a part of its Tory Majority, has attempted to protect itself on all sides: one day it reassures the Canadian and Australian ministers that it will resolutely protect the sacred interests of the Commonwealth; the next day at Brussels it vows by all its gods that it has been converted to the cause of Europe.

The real issue in the controversy, however, was not Britain's relations with the Commonwealth. The basic reason for the attitude which General de Gaulle finally adopted must be sought in his feelings about the United States and the Atlantic Organization.

It is not so much that he is contemplating, at present, a rupture of the Atlantic Alliance and a reversal of alliances (a reconciliation between the de Gaulle-Adenauer partnership and Khrushchev is more a brainchild of the *Canard enchaine* than of the *New York Times*). Nevertheless, Britain's entry into the Common Market was one stage of the Grand Design of the Kennedy team. A US-European *partnership* (or agreement between equal partners) was another stage in this Grand Design. Viewed from the Elysee Palace such an "Atlantic Community," in which the US kept a monopoly on atomic weapons and exerted very heavy pressure on its allies, would represent a "satellization" of Europe.

To this our American friends reply, indignantly or sadly, that their motives and the realities of the situation could not be more grossly misinterpreted. Of this I am fully aware, and the Elysee viewpoint is not shared by me nor by all Frenchmen; yet a segment of French public opinion does have this view, and at this time only this segment has any diplomatic importance.

There is a widespread fear in France and among some of our European partners that if the European Community were to admit Britain and certain other nations as members, it might lose its cohesiveness and turn into a vague free-trade zone. (This fear exists even though General de Gaulle's tactics were such as to cause all opponents of British participation to momentarily forget their true feelings.)

To this fear the General adds his own geopolitical notions. It was André Malraux who, as far back as 1944, first launched the idea of a civilization developing around the Atlantic Ocean in the 20th Century in the same fashion as the civilization which flourished around the Mediterranean Sea 3000 years ago. De Gaulle seems obsessed today by some pet theories that, in my judgment, appear borrowed from the past rather than based on present realities: the precarious nature of America's presence in Europe; the rapid exhaustion of the Communist ideology and the return of the Soviet



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Union to its eternal Russian essence; the radical divergencies between the New World and the Old World of Europe (mother of the arts and sciences), hence the urgent need to safeguard the precious and fragile unity of tiny Europe from the winds of too-bigness and the lure of the dollar. General de Gaulle thus conjures up a picture of Europe simultaneously abandoned and enslaved by the United States – a picture which, to enlarge upon the paradox, visualizes the US as enslaving Europe by purchasing automobile factories there in order to hand Europe over, opulent and unprotected, to the Soviets.

The incompatibility between the Kennedy Grand Design and de Gaulle's concepts was known, or should have been known, to London and Washington. Yet European supporters of Atlantic solidarity in vain multiplied their warnings, reminding Walter Lippmann and the New Frontier team that the conjunction of the Grand Design and an American atomic monopoly, unacceptable to all Europeans on a long-range basis, was becoming to de Gaulle's eyes an expression of a policy aimed at US domination in the guise of cooperation.

For the past year Kennedy and Macmillian have, consciously or unconsciously, been doing everything to strengthen de Gaulle's suspicions and nothing to allay them. A few months ago, in connection with the officially disassociated but psychologically inseparable problems of Britain's entry into the Common Market and the atomic arms question, I concluded that British and American off-and-on admirers of de Gaulle were chronically incapable of understanding him. Judging by the indignant amazement which prevails in Washington, there has been a marked decline in admiration for the General, but the lack of understanding remains intact.

Raymond Aron

# Scranton of Pennsylvania

## *The First of the Kennedy Republicans*

*by Murray Kempton*

Why should that Pennsylvania which sprawls between Pittsburgh and Philadelphia like some derelict across a barroom table always remind us of how much more satisfactory a novelist John O'Hara would have been if he had had the sense to be better born?

It was a mistake more significantly of geography than of class. O'Hara is Penn State longing to be Yale. The sickness of sensitive Pennsylvanians is not only to want to be someone else but to want to be somewhere else. Coming back there is like going to visit some aunt who married the man who had a piece of the numbers, lost out to the New York Syndicate, and has been sitting about the house ever since. The aunt is always cooking cabbage. You want to say, "Look about you, feel your air, see your forests, your lakes and your mountains; be glad you are alive." Then you feel the air; there is only the sour smell of cabbage and the uncle grumbling how he was done out of his due.

Had he been born anywhere except Scranton, Pennsylvania, William W. Scranton, this wasteland's new Republican Governor would have, at 45, every promise of an unlimited national career. He may already be a notable symbol of the historic future; he looks suspiciously like the first Kennedy Republican. And no politician since Gifford Pinchot has given quite such practical promise of changing Pennsylvania for the better.

Yet Scranton's geographical mischance was precisely defined week before last when he was guest of honor at a dinner tendered by Nelson Rockefeller's New York State Republican organization to celebrate the latest of its quadrennial sacks and pillages of the Democrats. Both Governors anointed one another with compliments; but, since Scranton was the chief speaker, his compliments were more extended and elaborate than Rockefeller's. That measures the balance of their fortunes and the comparative size of each's claim on future Republican nominating conventions.

Scranton came back to Harrisburg to be asked whether he had made a deal with Rockefeller.

"Yes," he answered. "There is a deal. Rocky is '64 and me never'." His resources in passion await demonstrations before a frozen budget and a glacial legislature; but he already shows impressive resources in irony. Pennsylvania is once again a trophy on the wall of the Rockefeller family.

Scranton had spent his night in New York with Lawrence Rockefeller. His room, just as Lawrence Rockefeller had feared, had been stifling, and the air



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conditioners had keep him awake all night long.

"So now I know," he said, "how it is with the very rich. Everyone lives like everybody else."

Scranton administers an inheritance of $7 million. Still the tone of country cousin was entirely proper. The Scranton fortune, founded on forgotten anthracite, is local where Rockefeller's is imperial. Politically Scranton is as much a poor relation. Rockefeller inherited from Thomas E. Dewey a Republican state organization at once massive, alert and disciplined, a wealthy state government, and a legislature which revolts as often as the British Navy. But Pennsylvania has the highest unemployment rate of any major state. Its government structure is as backward as its industrial plant, its Republican Party eaten by rancors.

The antechamber of Scranton's office is lined with portraits of predecessor Governors. When the eye comes to Gifford Pinchot, automatically the mind wonders, "Goodness, did Pinchot live here once?" As if it had suddenly recognized a name on a gravestone in a strange country town. Through most of our history, Pennsylvania has been our second state; yet the last Pennsylvanian to be nominated by a major party for President was, as you might expect, James Buchanan.

The state's permanent political atmosphere is sour. The voters keep the constitutional clause barring any Governor's re-election because they properly mistrust politicians and exercise their mistrust on the wrong object. The effect is to strengthen the party machines which, being permanent where the governor is transient, control most nominations.

Pennsylvania has almost no civil service; an incoming Governor has the power to turn out 55,000 of the state's 82,000 employees. Scranton's telephone rings continually with county leaders importuning for their deserving poor. Scranton has moved toward this traditional sacrifice of the fallen with a slowness akin to sabotage. "How can you operate a state if you throw everybody out?" asks Martin Brackbill, an aide. "It would take us six months to get us back to business."

### *"They Distrust Government"*

Meanwhile Scranton presses for a limited civil service law; he has reappointed two sitting Democrats to his cabinet. He decided after his election that the state police commissioner at least ought to be a professional tempered by college experience; a canvass of the entire force turned up just two college graduates; the Governor at last went to Florida to find a commissioner.

Everything in Pennsylvania, whether it is government or industrial plant, has the same rust of backwardness. A visitor suggested to Scranton that his most serious problem might be that Pennsylvanians so distrust their government.

"They distrust government," Scranton replied with appalling candor, "because they have had poor government." He went on to blame the Republican Party with entire detachment and no rancor. The Republicans have controlled Pennsylvania, with occasional breaks, since the civil war and could hardly escape the major burden for the sins of its government. Still one does not often visit a politician and find an archeologist, descendant of feudal princes, measuring the blame his ancestors must take for the state of the feudal ruin under inspection.

Pennsylvania's trouble, Scranton feels, is that its society, and its governing political party have always been run by business – the railroads, the steel companies, the coal mines and the Mellons, "who were better than the rest." The only prior stretches of promise Scranton can find in the gray history these interests produced have come with the infrequent election of Democratic Governors.

The first hope was the inauguration of George Earle in 1934; it was dissipated when his brother Democrats, gaunt from the depression, exercised their Jacobin rage by pillaging the treasury. The Democrats did not erase that memory until 1954 when they elected George Leader who was thereafter set upon and left for dead by the Republican legislature.

The Democrats did manage Leader's succession with David Lawrence, the Mayor of Pittsburgh and nearly the last of their party's ancient princes. Lawrence remains to Scranton the same object of affectionate veneration that he is to anyone who has ever met him; yet his career as Governor is an instance of how much a part of Pennsylvania's class structure its two-party system is.

"More than anything else," Scranton says, "Lawrence remembered the thirties and the scandals of the Earle Administration. He was determined to prove to Pennsylvania that the Democrats could govern honestly. And he did; he never had a scandal; Lawrence must have told me how proud he was of this at least six times in these last weeks."

The dream of Lawrence's tenure was to balance the state budget; he was convinced that the state could only recover by easing business taxes and cutting costs. There is some dispute as to whether he did balance the budget; but he made an heroic effort; so now Pennsylvania is 32nd among the states in per capita aid to education, 47th in aid to higher education and 35th in per capita expenditures for public relief.

Even the best Pennsylvanians seem to have some compulsion to prove that they are something different from what they seem. Pittsburgh was prosperous once and a horror to aestheticians. Now its center is a showcase and its fringe decayed with unemployment.

"Pittsburgh thought so much about its civic renaissance," said Governor Scranton, "that I'm some-



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times afraid it forgot about its industrial plant."

Lawrence was surprisingly popular with the Pennsylvania manufacturers association, which not too long ago owned the Republican Party. Still the times were against him; Lawrence looked too much like a politician; the voters, misdirected as usual by their sourness, gave him no credit for the obsession with probity which he brought to his term as Governor. Then too, they were bothered by unemployment and the sense that Pennsylvania was going down and they demanded an adventurous program.

Pennsylvania's last two Democratic Governors seem like failures now; but, if their state has a happier future, they will have had a part in the change.

George Leader, victim though he was, taught the Republican professionals that they could no longer afford to run the hacks who had been quite enough in prior times. Lawrence, a Democrat, proved that Pennsylvania could have an honest government; now Scranton, a Republican, sets out to prove that it can also have a responsible liberal one.

"I've begun to think," Scranton says with his special detachment, "that, if you want to get something done you have to be a Democrat, like Kennedy, with a moderate philosophy or a Republican with a liberal one."

"Scranton," says the Democratic State Chairman Otis Morse, "is going to be tough. You have a hard time fighting a man who plays in your yard with your blocks."

### *Republican Aristocracy*

Scranton can tax his party with its share of the blame for Pennsylvania with the assured immunity of a birthright Republican grandee. The Governor's mother was Mrs. Worthington Scranton of Scranton, that magnificiently-rigged flagship of the Republican National Committee which was sunk in so many engagements in the thirties and forties.

And Scranton does rather summon up the image of a conspicuous mother and an inconspicuous father. He has the neatness, the containment, the walk and the willow-slim figure of the best-bred boy in the dancing class; if Frances Hodgson Burnett's little boy had conquered his childhood he could well have grown up a man like this one. Scranton is, perhaps from memory, peculiarly sensitive to the embarrassment children feel when attention is called to them in public. One day he posed for pictures with Mitch Fullmer, the current cerebral palsy child. The photographers suggested he chuck Mitch under the chin. "No," Scranton replied. "If I were a little boy I wouldn't want to be chucked under my chin."

He is uneasy with crowds; his voice turns into a recitative monotone; his public smile is too wide. But the private Scranton has the ease, the pleasure in detached observation and the astounding frankness few of us have met in any political figure except the private Adlai Stevenson.

Scranton was elected by 400,000 votes and he restored the Republicans to a Harrisburg they had lost through sloth and decay. But he also carried in a Republican legislature whose leader, M. Harvey Taylor, is 86 and has no greater pride than his memory of the night the Pennsylvanians played so great a part in the nomination of Warren Gamaliel Harding. With such instruments, Scranton must make Pennsylvania a modern state and its Republican organization a modern party. With all his new authority, he can be grateful for his name; an associate seeking grounds for hope besides Scranton's own person comes back at the end with: "After all, they were very fond of his mother and they've known him since he was a little boy."

Few Americans of comfortable circumstance have as much experience as William Scranton has with the panting run just to stay in the same place. He came back from Yale and the war to find that he had nothing to do in Scranton. The family's fortune was all that remained from the ruin of its town's economy. The Scrantons possessed but they could no longer produce.

The Scranton area has just 900 working coal miners now; 43,000 jobs have been wiped out since the war. William Scranton came into public life as leader of a citizens' committee to rescue the town. It brought in new factories employing 20,000 persons, but its history, however heroic, was a net decline. Unemployment insurance still remains the largest single source of income in Scranton and Wilkes-Barre. Scranton went to Congress in 1960; his major pledge had been to get some action for his city from Washington. He was barely identifiable as a Republican; his campaign was conspicuous for calculated but fervent references to his affection for John F. Kennedy. He was rewarded for this careful neglect of Richard Nixon with a 17,000 majority in a district Kennedy carried by 37,000 votes.

Now Scranton is Governor of a state of whose decline his own Scranton-Wilkes-Barre district is only the most acute example. Pennsylvania's economy – like its politics – was built on steel, coal and railroads, the first sluggish, the other two beyond recovery. None of these fundaments can do for or to Pennsylvania what it once did. The state must depend on new industries, which are unlikely to be attracted by such features of its obsolescence as inadequate highways and a school system so pinched that, in the whole region, only West Virginia pays lower salaries to its teachers than Pennsylvania does.

Scranton must engage all this by stretching a budget already in at best precarious balance and financed in the main by an onerous sales tax, with no visible new



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source of reveuue, and a constitution which forbids a graduated state income tax. On balance, the best William Scranton can reasonably hope is to do for someone else the job that Thomas E. Dewey so handsomely did for Nelson Rockefeller.

"There is only one way I can conceive of a Pennsylvanian ever becoming President of the United States," Scranton said the other day. "That would be if he just thought and thought about nothing else." Even as he said this, he was doodling on the pad a diagram for the Pennsylvania central highway he hopes will open up the back country. His unfortunate choice of a birthplace has not soured Bill Scranton, but it has taught him the vanity of hopeless wishes.

# "Now Let Man Take Over"

*by Lewis Mumford*

From late neolithic times in the Near East, right down to our own day, two technologies have recurrently existed side by side: one authoritarian, the other democratic, the first system-centered, immensely powerful, but inherently unstable, the other man-centered, relatively weak, but resourceful and durable. If I am right, we are now rapidly approaching a point at which, unless we radically alter our present course, our surviving democratic technics will be completely suppressed or supplanted, so that every residual autonomy will be wiped out, or will be permitted only as a playful device of government, like national balloting for already chosen leaders in totalitarian countries.

What I would call democratic technics is the small-scale method of production, resting mainly on human skill and animal energy but always, even when employing machines, remaining under the active direction of the craftsman or the farmer, each group developing its own gifts, through appropriate arts and social ceremonies, as well as making discreet use of the gifts of nature. This technology had limited horizons of achievement, but, just because of its wide diffusion and its modest demands, it had great powers of adaptation and recuperation. Till now this democratic technics has underpinned and firmly supported every historic culture until our own day, and redeemed the constant tendency of authoritarian technics to misapply its powers. Even when paying tribute to the most oppressive authoritarian regimes, there yet remained within the workshop or the farmyard some degree of autonomy, selectivity, creativity. No royal mace, no slave-driver's whip, no bureaucratic directive left its imprint on the textiles of Damascus or the pottery of Fifth Century Athens.

If this democratic technics goes back to the earliest use of tools, authoritarian technics is a much more recent achievement: it begins around the Fourth Millennium B.C. in a new configuration of technical invention, scientific observation, and centralized political control that gave rise to the peculiar mode of life we may now identify, without eulogy, as civilization. Under the new institution of Kingship, activities that had been scattered, diversified, cut to the human measure, were united on a monumental scale into an entirely new kind of theological-technological mass organization. In the person of an absolute ruler, whose word was law, cosmic powers came down to earth, mobilizing and unifying the efforts of thousands of men, hitherto all-too-autonomous and too decentralized to act voluntarily in unison for purposes beyond the village horizon.

The new authoritarian technology was not limited by village custom or human sentiment: its herculean feats of mechanical organization rested on ruthless physical coercion, forced labor and slavery, which brought into existence machines that were capable of exerting thousands of horsepower centuries before horses were harnessed or wheels invented. This centralized technics drew on inventions and scientific discoveries of a high order: the written record, mathematics and astronomy, irrigation and canalization: above all, it created complex human machines composed of specialized, standardized, replaceable, interdependent parts – the work army, the military army, the bureaucracy. These work armies and military armies raised the ceiling of human achievement: the first in mass construction, the second in mass destruction, both on a scale hitherto inconceivable. Despite its constant drive to destruction, this totalitarian technics was tolerated, perhaps even welcomed, in home territory, for it created the first economy of controlled abundance: notably immense food crops that not merely supported a big urban population but released a large trained minority for purely religious, scientific, bureaucratic or military activity. But the efficiency of the system was impaired



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by weaknesses never overcome until our own day.

To begin with, the democratic economy of the agricultural village resisted incorporation into the new authoritarian system. So even the Roman Empire found it expedient, once resistance was broken and taxes were collected, to consent to a large degree of local autonomy in religion and government. Moreover as long as agriculture absorbed the labor of some 90 percent of the population, mass technics were confined largely to the populous urban centers. Since authoritarian technics first took form in an age when metals were scarce and human raw material, captured in war, was easily convertible into machines, its directors never bothered to invent inorganic mechanical substitutes. But there were even greater weaknesses: the system had no inner coherence: a break in communication, a missing link in the chain of command, and the great human machines fell apart. Finally, the myths upon which the whole system was based – particularly the essential myth of kingship – were irrational, with their paranoid suspicions and animosities and their paranoid claims to unconditional obedience and absolute power. For all its redoubtable constructive achievements, authoritarian technics expressed a deep hostility to life.

The point of this brief historic excursus [is] that authoritarian technics has come back today in an immensely magnified and adroitly perfected form. Up to now, following the optimistic premises of 19th Century thinkers like Auguste Comte and Herbert Spencer, we have regarded the spread of experimental science and mechanical invention as the soundest guarantee of a peaceful, productive, above all democratic industrial society. Many have even comfortably supposed that the revolt against arbitrary political power in the 17th Century was causally connected with the industrial revolution that accompanied it. But what we have interpreted as the new freedom now turns out to be a much more sophisticated version of the old slavery: for the rise of political democracy during the last few centuries has been increasingly nullified by the successful resurrection of a centralized authoritarian technics – a technics that had in fact for long lapsed in many parts of the world.

Let us fool ourselves no longer. At the very moment Western nations threw off the ancient regime of absolute government, operating under a once-divine King, they were restoring this same system in a far more effective form in their technology, reintroducing coercions of a military character no less strict in the organization of a factory than in that of the new drilled, uniformed and regimented army. During the transitional stages of the last two centuries, the ultimate tendency of this system might be in doubt, for in many areas there were strong democratic reactions; but with the knitting together of a scientific ideology, itself liberated from theological restrictions or humanistic purposes, authoritarian technics found an instrument at hand that has now given it absolute command of physical energies of cosmic dimensions. The inventors of nuclear bombs, space rockets and computers are the pyramid builders of our own age: psychologically inflated by a similar myth of unqualified power, boasting through their science of their increasing omnipotence, if not omniscience, moved by obsessions and compulsions no less irrational than those of earlier absolute systems: particularly the notion that the system itself must be expanded, at whatever eventual cost to life.

Through mechanization, automation, cybernetic direction, this authoritarian technics has at least successfully overcome its most serious weakness: its original dependence upon resistant, sometime actively disobedient servo-mechanisms, still human enough to harbor purposes that do not always coincide with those of the system.

### *The Center of Authority*

Like the earliest form of authoritarian technics, this new technology is marvelously dynamic and productive: its power in every form tends to increase without limits, in quantities that defy assimilation and defeat control, whether we are thinking of the output of scientific knowledge or of industrial assembly lines. To maximize energy, speed or automation, without reference to the complex conditions that sustain organic life, have become ends in themselves. As with the earliest forms of authoritarian technics, the weight of effort, if one is to judge by national budgets, is toward absolute instruments of destruction, designed for absolutely irrational purposes whose chief by-product would be the mutilation or extermination of the human race. Even Ashurbanipal and Genghis Khan performed their gory operations under normal human limits.

The center of authority in this new system is no longer a visible personality, an all-powerful king: even in totalitarian dictatorships the center now lies in the system itself, invisible but omnipresent: all its human components, even the technical and managerial elite, even the sacred priesthood of science, who alone have access to the secret knowledge by means of which total control is now swiftly effected, are themselves trapped by the very perfection of the organization they have invented. Like the Pharaohs of the Pyramid Age, these servants of the system identify its goods with their

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own kind of well-being: as with the Divine King, their praise of the system is an act of self-worship; and again like the king, they are in the grip of an irrational compulsion to extend their means of control and expand the scope of their authority. In this new systems-centered collective, this Pentagon of power, there is no visible presence who issues commands; unlike Job's God, the new deities cannot be confronted, still less defied. Under the pretext of saving labor, the ultimate end of this technics is to displace life, or rather, to transfer the attributes of life to the machine and the mechanical collective, allowing only so much of the organism to remain as may be controlled and then manipulated.

Do not misunderstand this analysis. The danger to democracy does not spring from any specific scientific discoveries or electronic inventions. The danger springs from the fact that, since Francis Bacon and Galileo defined the new methods and objectives of technics, our great physical transformations have been effected by a system that deliberately eliminates the whole human personality, ignores the historic process, overplays the role of the abstract intelligence, and makes control over physical nature, ultimately control over man himself, the chief purpose of existence.

Why has our age surrendered so easily to the controllers, the manipulators, the conditioners of an authoritarian technics? The answer to this question is both paradoxical and ironic. Present day technics differs from that of the overtly brutal, half-baked authoritarian systems of the past in one highly favorable particular: it has accepted the basic principle of democracy, that every member of society should have a share in its goods. By progressively fulfilling this part of the democratic promises, our system has achieved a hold over the whole community that threatens to wipe out every other vestige of democracy.

### *A Magnificent Bribe*

The bargain we are being asked to ratify takes the form of a magnificent bribe. Under the democratic-authoritarian social contract, each member of the community may claim every material advantage, every intellectual and emotional stimulus he may desire, in quantities hardly available hitherto even for a restricted minority: food, housing, swift transportation, instantaneous communication, medical care, entertainment, education. But on one condition: that one must not merely ask for nothing that the system does not provide, but likewise agree to take everything offered, duly processed and fabricated, homogenized and equalized, in the precise quantities that the system, rather than the person, requires. Once one opts for the system no further choice remains. If one surrenders one's life at source, authoritarian technics will give back as much of it as can be mechanically graded, quantitatively multiplied, collectively manipulated and magnified.

"Is this not a fair bargain?" those who speak for the system will ask. Is this not the horn of plenty that mankind has long dreamed of, and that every ruling class has tried to secure, at whatever cost of brutality and injustice, for itself? I would not belittle, still less deny, the many admirable products this technology has brought forth, products that a self-regulating economy would make good use of. I would only suggest that it is time to reckon up the human disadvantages and costs, to say nothing of the dangers, of our unqualified acceptance of the system itself. Even the immediate price is heavy; for the system is so far from being under effective human direction that it may poison us wholesale to provide us with food or exterminate us to provide national security, before we can enjoy its promised goods. Once our authoritarian technics consolidates its powers, with the aid of its new forms of mass control, its panoply of tranquillizers and sedatives, and aphrodisiacs, could democracy in any form survive? That question is absurd: life itself, will not survive, except what is funneled through the mechanical collective. The spread of a sterilized scientific intelligence over the planet would not, as Teilhard de Chardin so innocently imagined, be the happy consummation of divine purpose: it would rather ensure the final arrest of any further human development.

In characterizing the authoritarian technics that has begun to dominate us, I have not forgotten the great lesson of history: Prepare for the unexpected! Nor do I overlook the immense reserves of vitality and creativity that a more humane democratic tradition still offers us. What I wish to do is to persuade those who are concerned with maintaining democratic institutions to see that their constructive efforts must include technology itself. There, too, we must return to the human center. We must challenge this authoritarian system that has given to an underdimensioned ideology and technology the authority that belongs to the human personality. Life cannot be delegated.

Curiously, the first words in support of this thesis came forth, with exquisite symbolic aptness, from a willing agent –but very nearly a classic victim! – of the new authoritarian technics. They came from the astronaut, John Glenn, whose life was endangered by the malfunctioning of his automatic controls, operated from a remote center. After he barely saved his life by personal intervention, he emerged from his space capsule with these ringing words: "Now let man take over!"

We must ask, not what is good for science or technology, still less what is good for General Motors or Union Carbide or IBM or the Pentagon, but what is good for man: not machine-conditioned, system-regu-



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lated, mass-man, but man in person, moving freely over every area of life.

There are large areas of technology that can be redeemed by the democratic process, once we have overcome the infantile compulsions and automatisms that now threaten to cancel out our real gains. The very leisure that the machine now gives in advanced countries can be profitably used, not for further commitment to still other kinds of machine, furnishing automatic recreation, but by doing significant forms of work, unprofitable or technically impossible under mass production: work dependent upon special skill, knowledge, esthetic senses. The do-it-yourself movement prematurely got bogged down in an attempt to sell still more machines; but its slogan pointed in the right direction, provided we still have a self to do it with. The glut of motor cars that is now destroying our cities can be coped with only if we redesign our cities to make fuller use of a more efficient human agent: the walker. Even in childbirth, the emphasis is already happily shifting from an officious, often lethal, authoritarian procedure, centered in hospital routine, to a more human mode, which restores initiative to the mother and to the body's natural rhythms.

The genuine advantages our scientifically based technics has brought can be preserved only if we cut the whole system back to a point at which it will permit human alternatives, human interventions and human destinations for entirely different purposes from those of the system itself. At the present juncture, if democracy did not exist, we would have to invent it, in order to save and restore the spirit of man.

# Notes on Conferencemanship

*by Charles Burton Marshall*

Despite having sworn off, I let myself be enticed into two recent conferences on foreign policy. In both I kept notes and kept quiet. Here are some of the thoughts which were left unspoken.

*On conferencemanship and goals.* General propositions abound. Some are too obviously fallacious to be considered or so obviously true as to be of no help. Most are simply ambiguous. According to the late John Nicholas Spykman, most general propositions about foreign policy would stand up equally well with or without a *not* inserted by the verb. A Senator urges utmost central direction and control of policy; he is applauded. A call for creation of a monolith would have raised doubts. The same audience liked another speaker's insistence on wider sharing of responsibility.

Speakers and audience are for exploiting every opportunity, but they are against opportunism; for firmness, but against rigidity; for flexibility, but against pliability; for sticking to our principles, but against being dogmatic, against putting all our eggs in one basket and against scattering our shots; for concentrating our efforts, but also for leaving no stone unturned; for more daring and also for greater prudence.

The audience is for having long-term goals; yet a warning against preoccupation with remote horizons, in disregard of imminent perils, went over equally well.

These arguments about long-term versus short-term goals and plans are misleading. What counts is paying heed to the long-range effects of present decisions.

*On getting the best people.* The Senator pleads that we find and enlist the best people for top policy posts. One also wants to draft the best people for our overseas undertakings. Apparently they are available in droves. Should we export them wholesale? Spain is said never to have recovered from the loss of talent sent abroad in the 16th Century.

Anyway, who are the best people? The question sends most of us to the mirror. The Senator's aim is probably overstated. The really and truly best, if identifiable, would wreck the policy machine, and *vice versa.* John Quincy Adams seems superb in retrospect, but a biographer once described him aptly as a first-rate second-rate man. A platoon of his quality might help. A more apt but less rousing version of the Senator's plea would be to get more truly second-rate people into important posts. The quality gap has persisted since Adam. The late Henry F. Ashurst once recalled his maiden speech as one of Arizona's first US Senators. In his eulogy of the new state, he described it as needing only adequate water and a good population to be a paradise. A colleague interposed to apply the same observation to hell.

*On clash of interests.* A man and his wife repulsed



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and killed a bandit; a newspaper on my lap gives the account. The couple and the bandit had common interests in a roll of legal tender and in survival. The couple had joint interests. The distinction is important. Cats and mice, lions and lambs, and rival bull elks have common but not joint interests. Some people infer too much from interests we have in common with the Communists – such as the interest in survival. Common interests are plentiful, joint interests problematic.

*On big medicine.* Three speakers have just resoundingly recommended more effective policies and strategies without much of a clue and means. This sort of thing is as correct and vapid as an answer once given by a college classmate who, without credentials or authorization, sneaked into a lecture given by a distinguished clinician to medical school seniors. The lecturer described hypothetical symptoms and asked how to proceed with the case, pointing to my friend for a reply. The young man answered, "I would call a doctor."

*On unsolutions.* I asked directions of a man in St. Louis 30 years ago. He replied with details about proceeding to a third traffic light, turning left, and going another half mile to a dead-end at a white house with a yard full of dogs. He concluded, "That's not the right way," and walked on. I still recall this discourse of his as an unsolution.

I have just heard another one. After urging us to bear witness to our principles throughout the world, the speaker said of the emerging nations: (a) they need efficiency and progress; (b) democracy is not applicable; (c) neither are Western standards.

It helps little to tell how not to solve a problem. The emerging peoples claim the rights of self-government, the benefits of modernity and importance in world affairs without knowing how to fulfill them. Characteristically, they need to work out a basis of public life, to develop a bond of trust within their societies, to establish canons of procedural decency so that the force of the state is not brought to bear for private revenge. Many of them have yet to develop a pattern of politeness – meaning a code of conduct enabling strangers to deal with each other and enabling men to transcend the strictures of tribe and sect. They need to learn lessons of accountability. These matters may be beyond their power to realize in some cases, but at least we should know what to suggest as agenda – if asked.

A great many persons of scholarly mien think in shallow pseudo-syllogisms like the following: Democracy and dictatorship are opposites; inefficiency and efficiency are opposites; democracy tends to inefficiency and frustration; dictatorship therefore must mean efficacy.

Should we rate Ghana's oppression above Nigeria's attempts to hold onto something of a free system? True, not every aspirant to democracy is a Jefferson, but neither is every despot another Attaturk.

While serving as political adviser in a new state, I used to hear recurringly the line about the inapplicability of Western standards. Usually it was invoked by someone, without alternate standards, trying to excuse himself from standards altogether. What is important is standards. Westernness is secondary. We must learn to distinguish between conventions and standards in this regard. I can scarcely imagine any advice to emerging nations worse than the notion of their being exempt from standards because these are Western and not for them. The attitude is downright patronizing toward newcomers to independence.

*On not one cent for tribute.* Someone just spoke up for helping emerging states to realize their aspirations, whatever they may be, and not trying to impose our own views. That would amount to paying tribute. The idea is impracticable, anyway. Our resources do not equal demand. Hence we must discriminate in allocating aid around the world. This means applying preferences. Whose? Either ours or others'. If we apply theirs, we make them our own.

*On economists as a genus.* Most intellectual endeavor consists of tracing either the unseen complicacy of simple things or the ungrasped simplicity of the complex. Economists devote themselves to embellishing the obscurity of recondite matters. They do not understand economy of words. Thomas Carlyle, mistaking their pursuit for a science, called it dismal. Edmund Burke said: ". . . the age of chivalry is gone. That of sophisters, economists, and calculators has succeeded; and the glory of Europe is extinguished forever."

From 18 man-hours of empanelled expertise only two points have emerged: (a) it is easier to speed up from a walk than from a gallop; (b) spending and saving both come easier to the rich than to the poor. Like physicists, economists say *increase* or *decrease by a factor of two* instead of *double or halve* – either a time-padding habit carried over from classroom lecturing or a device signifying vocation and authority, like wearing a Roman collar or a Homburg hat.

*On a famous Frenchman.* How fatuous to persist in portraying Charles de Gaulle as an erratic and obstinate elder! He is fobbed off as of another century. What galls is that he is a factor of this century.

Under the aegis of the Roosevelt-Churchill collaboration, there emerged the greatest consolidation of governing authority ever. Over an enormous span it assigned ships, allocated resources, scheduled production, set prices and deployed forces. France – or a residuum



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personified in de Gaulle – was client, not participant. In the sequel, what counted mainly for European nations was not colonies or forces at their command but rapport with the US – now banker, supplier, prime mover. Thanks to wartime connections, the United Kingdom had an inside track. Suppose the UK had been overrun. Suppose France had stayed in the ring. Then things would have been different. So what?

Recovery for France meant redress for that part of the past – first by trying vainly to bid in as an equal to the UK and then by trying to pry out the UK as teacher's pet. The Nassau pact – with America and Britain agreeing on terms to offer client France – negatived the second. Now, third, France is seeking a rival concatenation, excluding the United Kingdom, along lines of Bonaparte's continental system. Obstinate? Perhaps. Erratic? Of course not.

*On maintaining a going concern.* Just voiced was another appeal for citizens to spend more time to make themselves fully informed on foreign policy and national security problems. I, who spend my professional time doing just this and yet fall hugely short, can scarcely imagine anything less probable or more futile than to get everyone engrossed over things so intractable – when there are children to rear, mail to deliver, bread to bake, streets to sweep, sick to attend, and myriad other things to do to keep us a going concern.

Besides, on close acquaintance with the diffuseness and obduracy of foreign affairs, most people might renounce the problems out of ennui. That, rather than engulfment in right-wing obscurantism, is the danger. I explained to an earnest German who queried me recently on how to rate the menace of things like the John Birch Society. As Byron put it:

> *And the heart must pause to breathe,*
> *And love itself have rest.*

I have no answer. I offer only an unsolution – that of not having too many conferences.

# Tempest in a Gallery

*In the second of three articles on the Soviet cultural thaw, Mr. Brumberg discusses Khrushchev's denunciation of abstract art. Jeremy Azrael will conclude this series week after next with a "balance sheet" on Soviet freedoms.*

## *by Abraham Brumberg*

The story begins last December 1, when Nikita Khrushchev, accompanied by high Party dignitaries, toured an exhibit of paintings and sculptures arranged by the Moscow branch of the Union of Soviet Artists. Most of the works were in keeping with the officially approved doctrine of "socialist realism" (sturdy peasant girls wielding scythes, enthusiastic proletarians applauding a speech of Lenin, no muddy colors, no puzzling symbols, clean sex, and so forth). Yet other items – "both by masters of the older generation," as reported by *Pravda* the following morning, "as well as by a number of young artists . . . arouse a feeling of perplexity and serious annoyance." *Pravda* did not describe what one person present has called the "violently scandalous scene" that ensued. But it did report Khrushchev's opinions. The purpose of Soviet art, he said, is "truthfully to portray the life of the people, to inspire people with a desire to build Communism, to bring out in a person the very best and most noble feelings, and to deepen his comprehension of beauty."

Particularly vehement was Khrushchev's reaction to a number of abstract works by Soviet artists (the first – to my knowledge – ever to be shown openly in the USSR) to which his guides led him. He is reported to have suggested that homosexual influences were at work. He demanded that the artists present, according to *Pravda*, explain the meaning of the pictures and sculptures. In reply, said *Pravda*, "one heard only incoherent talk, testifying to the spiritual poverty of the authors of these 'creations'."

"Such 'art' is alien to our people and they reject it," declared the First Secretary. "Let those people who con-

Abraham Brumberg *is an editor of the magazine,* Problems of Communism, *which is published by the United States Information Service.*



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sider themselves artists and yet paint 'pictures' where one cannot tell whether they have been painted by a man's hand or daubed by the tail of an ass ponder over that. Let them understand their errors and work for the good of the people."

"These words of Nikita Sergeyevitch," added *Pravda* with solemnity, "met with the approval of the Soviet artists who participated in the inspection of the abstractionist works."

On the following day (December 3), *Pravda* came out with an editorial ("Art Belongs to the People") reaffirming "the Leninist policy of party-mindedness and Communist ideology" in the arts. It made it clear that little sympathy would be shown to "those artists who, under the pretext of ostensibly bold quests and ostensibly bold innovations have departed from and betrayed the glorious traditions of our realistic art." *Pravda*'s attack was extended to music: "Socialist art . . . resolutely and firmly rejects the absolutely unjustified imitation by a few of our musicians of inferior bourgeois traits in music, those who are ready to adapt all Soviet music to cantankerous jazz." And then, echoing the xenophobic attacks of 1946-48, it added: "A real artist does not sing in a foreign voice."

### *Modern, Decadent, Bourgeois Art*

The same issue of the Party newspaper also carried an article by the music critic N. Aleksandrov, criticizing the "infatuation" with Western jazz evinced by a growing number of Soviet composers. A day later Vladimir Serov, the new president of the USSR Academy of the Arts, struck out in a speech against "those renegades who betray the principles of popular art and grovel before modern, decadent, bourgeois abstract art." Reminding his listeners of the "wonderful dialogue" that had taken place between Khrushchev and Soviet artists at the Moscow exhibit, at which the First Secretary "outlined clearly, precisely, passionately and convincingly the tasks facing Soviet art," he called upon the Party and the Academy to "help" the erring colleagues "to acquire purity of artistic thought." *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, the organ of the Young Communist League, complained on the same day of "overzealousness in overthrowing things in art." To be sure, "art, like life itself, cannot develop without changes in form and continuous renewal. . . . However," added the newspaper, "we are Communists. We must not stand with folded arms and allow chaos to develop. We must guide this process in a fully planned manner and mold its results." In a similar vein, that day's editorial in *Izvestia* – the newspaper edited by Khrushchev's son-in-law – averred: "Yes, tastes differ, and one must respect them, as one respects private opinion. But we are not omnivorous. 'Gustatory' acceptance of ideologically harmful influences in art is alien to us . . . enthusiasm over formalistic devices leads to the distortion of reality, to the depreciation of men."

A few days later, the Party press published excerpts from conversations between correspondents and random visitors to the Moscow exhibit. "There are many good, well executed paintings and sculptures at the exhibit," said citizen A. Yefremov, in behalf of himself and eleven other citizens. "But as regards those who deviate from a truthful portrayal of life, who imitate abstractionism – they have no business being represented at the exhibit." The majority of the items aroused in citizens and citizeness Issinski "a profound love for Motherland and a wish to do as much as possible for her. Unfortunately," they added ruefully, "one detects in some of the artists the influence of inferior bourgeois art." Another visitor, O. Reznikov, after viewing a particularly pernicious sculpture – "Geologists," by Nikonov – did not mince words: "Forgive me for my sharpness," he said, "but I shall be forthright – such a painting must be removed!" And a Moscow housewife, M. L. Soboleva, came straight to the point: "I am a mother of three children," she announced (thus recalling a memorable phrase of the lady questioned by Senator McCarthy on her Communist affiliations: "Senator, I am a mother of *five children!*"). Is a sculpture such as "Maternity" by Pologova what young Soviet citizens should be exposed to? "Is this the way to show a mother a child? . . . What is revealed before us, after all, is nothing but a deformity; the composition is lacking in spirituality, psychologism. A great, I would say a holy subject has been vitiated. I am profoundly convinced that one should not show creations of this sort to our viewers."

Terms such as "bourgeois decadence," "rotten liberalism," "foreign influences" all belong to a period which the current anti-Stalinization drive had seemed to do away with. Their resurrection, then, seemed to presage a new wave of intellectual repression and sterility – so indeed did it appear (according to some reports) to a good number of Soviet intellectuals with memories of the post-1957 crackdown, as well as to some Western correspondents in Moscow who saw the entire incident as "an abrupt set-back" to "hopes for freer expression" in the USSR (*New York Times*, December 4).

A closer reading of the events of recent weeks, however, would seem to belie this gloomy prognosis. It is true that the Party is again trying to tighten its reins – an invariable reaction to a period of leniency – and that in this attempt the bureaucrats' interest in preserving the status quo finds common cause with the traditional Philistinism of Party leaders. (Lenin, always uneasy in the presence of avant-guard art, was dubious about Mayakovski and considered Beethoven's "Apassionata" sonata as the greatest expression of musical genius; Stalin despised any music that he could not whistle.) Yet before coming to any hasty conclusions, it would be



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wise to realize that under Stalin and Zhdanov no exhibit of the kind held in Moscow could conceivably have taken place; that if it had, a mere twitch of the mustache would have been sufficient to close it immediately, and to send its hapless sponsors and participants to perdition; and that – thus far, at least – Khrushchev's irate reaction has not been followed by a Party decree (as would have undoubtedly been the case 15 years ago) officially banning the work of the culprits.

What has happened, instead, has been an intensification of the continuing struggle between the "conservatives" and "liberalizers" in the Soviet intellectual world. The lines have been firmly drawn: the Party has made its position unmistakably clear, yet the "liberals" have in fact refused to buckle down.

A good illustration of the way "liberal" defiance expresses itself is provided by the article in the *Literary Gazette* by the artist B. Yoganson. After denouncing the modernistic paintings and sculptures shown at the Moscow exhibit, and after expressing homage to the glorious traditions of 19th Century Russian realism, he goes on to stress not so much Khrushchev's repudiation of modern art, as his ostensible reaffirmation of "freedom of artistic creativity." Reading his article, one is immediately struck by the cleverness with which Yoganson seems to quote Khrushchev *et al.* in order to prove the very opposite of what the Party press has been hammering home. "Omnivorousness is impermissible," asserts Yoganson, echoing the words of *Izvestia*. Yet soon afterwards he adds: "We have lived to see happy days, when prohibitions and regulations on how and how not to paint have terminated for good. Art is art because it is a discovery, and criticism is the study and enrichment of these discoveries."

And then:

"Struggling against dogmatism, one must be consistent to the end, and not impose new fetters on artists, labeling some tendencies as original and intimating that others are conservative."

### *Style and Ideology*

Even more interesting is an article by the young poet Yevgeni Yevtushenko in the Cuban newspaper *Revolucion* which appeared on the eve of Khrushchev's visit to the art exhibit. For one who has been widely hailed as a spokesman for the rebel intelligentsia, Yevtushenko has recently been playing a rather curious role – traveling throughout the world (this was his second visit to Cuba), sending poems to *Pravda* on a variety of topics ranging from the vulgarity of gum-chewing Americans at the Helsinki Youth Festival to the lofty achievements of the Cuban revolution – so much so, in fact, that the question has been legitimately raised whether his usefulness to Khrushchev might not be greater than his services in behalf of the embattled liberals. Whatever Yevtushenko's values ("On Sunday I spoke for four hours with Fidel. I read a number of poems to him. Not many things have given me so much happiness . . . "etc.), the bulk of his article is devoted to a dissection of "dogmatism," which in current Communist jargon stands for Stalinism, and contains the following revealing paragraph:

> "The dogmatic criticism we tolerated over the years asserted that abstractionism is the offspring of capitalism and that paintings of this type are the equivalent of falling into the net of capitalist ideology. I personally know many exhibiting painters in Moscow and I know to what degree they are faithful to their revolutionary ideals. And many of these are abstractionists. Where is the logic here? . . . An author cannot be blamed for bourgeois ideology in the style of his creation . . . it is not necessary to mix style with ideology, as was done by many of our critics."

"It is not necessary to mix style with ideology!" Does it take much perspicacity to realize that this statement is in direct opposition to the official Party line which – as Yevtushenko was to learn shortly after his return from Cuba – insists on identifying specific forms and genres with specific ideological predilections?

On December 17 a number of high-ranking Party and Government leaders, among them Khrushchev, met with several "representatives of literature and the arts," Yevtushenko and Ehrenburg included. The only official text that has been issued thus far is the speech by the Central Committee Secretary L. F. Ilichev – and even that bears the imprint of careful censorship. His speech bristled with denunciations of "abstractionist daubs . . . lacking any common sense, [representing] nothing but pathological eccentricities, miserable imitations of the depraved formulist art of the bourgeois West"; with firm reaffirmations of the Party's determination to continue to "define the tasks and direction of artistic creation," and with stern admonition to those who felt that the elimination of the "errors and perversions of the past" (*i.e.*, the vigorous anti-Stalin campaign which has resulted in the publication of works such as *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*) meant that "everything is allowed and there are no restrictions on what one wishes."

All this could have been expected. But what was unexpected in Ilichev's peroration was the disclosure that numerous writers and artists had sent letters to the Party and "to Nikita Sergeyevitch Khrushchev personally" asking for an end to the persecution of "formalism," for reassurances that Stalinist methods would no longer be tolerated, for a spirit of freedom and



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permissiveness in the field of the arts. One such letter, addressed to Khrushchev after the opening of the art exhibit, and cited by Ilichev read in part:

> "We can have various judgments of one or another work exhibited at the show. If we all appeal to you through this letter, it is only because we wish to say in all sincerity that without the possibility of existence of various art trends, art is doomed. . . . We appeal to you to stop the swing in representational arts to past methods that are repugnant to the whole spirit of our times."

Another letter, presumably withdrawn by the writers after it was written (though it is common knowledge in Moscow that this was done only after Ilichev's speech) "contained," according to Ilichev, "even a plea for 'peaceful coexistence' of *all* trends in art, which objectively" – added Ilichev in the best dialectical fashion – "sounds like an appeal for peaceful coexistence in the sphere of ideology."

Ilichev's reaction to these rather unconventional letters was similarly unconventional – at least if measured by traditional Bolshevik standards. While on the one hand he vigorously ruled out "peaceful coexistence," he was careful, on the other, not to attack the motives of the signatories (among whom are some of the most eminent artistic and literary figures in the Soviet Union), even going as far as to declare that their words "were called forth by profound concern for the state of affairs in literature and the arts, by a sincere desire to promote their successful development and flourishing."

### *"Illiteracy and Darkness"*

Sincere or not, the liberals were told in no uncertain terms that the Party would no longer stand aside – as it had to some extent the past year or so – but would make its power felt in the further development of Soviet art. At the December 17 meeting, in fact, Ilichev is reputed to have denounced Shostakovich's 13th Symphony, based on several poems by Yevtushenko, including his famous "Babi Yar," and Khrushchev, in one of his free-wheeling speeches which to this date has yet to be made public, also attacked Yevtushenko, presumably for his exaggerated stress on anti-Semitism in Russia.

Yevtushenko is said to have defended his poem as well as the general position contained in his article in *Revolucion*, cited above. True, shortly thereafter he announced that he would add a few verses to his controversial poem, so as to make it clear that he was not accusing the whole Russian people of anti-Semitic prejudices. Yet the very fact that Yevtushenko publically refused to *withdraw* a single line of his poem, and that he stoutly maintained that his addition was *not* forced upon him by the Party is a far cry from the abject "mea culpas" of Stalin's days.

In the weeks that followed, the "conservatives," emboldened by the new turn of events, launched a violent campaign against the "liberals," even using the pages of the *Literary Gazette* – as a rule a stronghold of the more decent elements of the Soviet cultural world – for their purposes. The attacks were followed by the dismissal of several artists by the Publishing House for Children's Literature, thus depriving them of a chance to earn a livelihood, by expulsions of students from art institutes, and by the cancellation of several new exhibits. Yet the Party has not had the last word. The liberals have been reinforced in their defiance (cautious and circumspect though it may appear to the outsider) by the general contempt in which the literary and artistic office-holders are held by the intellectual community at large, and by the student-youth in particular. Thus at a meeting of the Young Communist League held at Moscow University at the end of December, Yevgeni Katsman, an official in the Moscow Artists Union and author of a particularly obsequious letter to Khrushchev, published in *Pravda* on December 16 ("Dear Nikita Sergeyevitch! I would like to share with you my thoughts on the state of Soviet fine arts at the end of 1962. . . . Instead of songs about our beloved homeland, instead of joy at Communism's birth, we are offered illiteracy and darkness . . . "), was openly booed by his listeners. And only five days after the appearance of a scurrilous attack on "propagandists of formalistic art, including I. Ehrenburg, K. Paustovsky, Yu. Nagibin, and others" by one of the deans of socialist-realist painting, A. Gerasimov (*Trud*, January 9, 1963), a young painter, whose works were among those criticized by Khrushchev, published an article in *Pravda*, devoted as much to praising Leger, Picasso and Matisse as to criticizing abstractionism.

The end, then, is not yet in sight. On January 2 in Berlin, Khrushchev let it be known that the Party would "probably have another meeting with outstanding writers, artists, composers, film and theater workers." It is safe to assume that those forces in Soviet society which have struggled against the Party's insistence on "prohibitions and regulations" will not withdraw from their positions. For what the "liberals" want is not only the right to denounce what the Party wants to denounce (excoriation of Stalin having now become as much of a literary and artistic duty as was his apotheosis more than a decade ago), but also the right to say what one wishes to say, and in a manner one wishes to say it.



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# *Go Home, Buddy Glass*

*by John Wain*

The chief danger a reviewer has to fight against, in tackling Mr. Salinger's stories about the Glass family, is the temptation to an ungenerous ribaldry. The author lays himself so terribly open; and, of course, since he is a clever man who could be just as cagey as anyone if he chose, this frequent throwing away of defenses has something admirable about it.

*Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters* and *Seymour, an Introduction*
by J. D. Salinger
(Little, Brown; $4)

The bigger a writer is, the more we put up with his faults, and Mr. Salinger is unmistakably big. In this new book, for instance, he has set himself the task of portraying, or beginning to portray, somebody really good; and since he doesn't believe (perhaps nobody does believe) that you can be good just by being unselfish and decent and keeping the rules, this involves him in drawing a saint, or, in the *argot* of his narrator Buddy Glass, "a ringding enlightened man." As if that weren't enough, this narrator keeps declaring that he is happy – yes, happy, deeply, even riotously happy. The two most difficult objectives known to man, to describe goodness and to make happiness credible, and Mr. Salinger has undertaken to reach them both at once!

What is more, we trust him to be somewhere on target. He has more intelligence than most writers, and also more feeling. If the two can be run together, there might – just possibly might – emerge, page by page and here and there, a portrait of a good and/or happy man. A real statement of values, living and walking values and not abstractions. So naturally, even though Mr. Salinger has Buddy order us to stop reading if we get bored, we don't leave. We stay, rooted to the spot.

Which is exactly why Mr. Salinger ought to consider us a little. It's the sheerest brutality to treat people badly just because they're not in a position to go elsewhere. Because no one else is offering quite what Mr. Salinger is offering, does that mean we have to put up with slipshod writing? (And it *is* slipshod writing to give Franny and Zooey that interminable conversation in which he Shows Her The Light: page upon page of essay-material, uneasily broken up by cigarette-lighting, For Chrissake-ing, etc., and finally given a poor little shot in the arm by having Zooey go into the next room and finish the conversation by telephone after an unsuccessful attempt to pretend that he is someone else.) Or soap-opera prattle? ("S. *loved* sports and games, indoors or outdoors, and was himself usually spectacularly good or spectacularly bad at them – seldom anything in between.") Or a sweat-making dribble of author-comment from the straw-filled headpiece of Buddy Glass? ("I can see, though, that I'm having a *little* of the usual trouble entailed in trying to make a very convenient generalization stay still and docile long enough to support a wild specific premise. I don't relish being sensible about it, but I suppose I must. It seems to me indisputably true that a good many people, the wide world over, of varying ages, cultures, natural endowments," etc., etc.) Just why should we have to put up with this *Ersatz*? Does it bring the Glass family more sharply into focus? No. Does it help to put over the perceptions about human life that Mr. Salinger is trying to get into our heads? No. Does it irritate hell out of us? Yes.

Let us stand back and recap. Mr. Salinger, as everyone knows by this time, is building up a full-length portrait gallery of a family named Glass, Irish mother, Jewish father, New York habitat, show-biz background, intellectual velleities, numerous and widely dispersed personnel. They are all good people, or perhaps the point is that everybody is good. Anyway, the Glasses have all got religion. The parents, who are uneducated, have it unconsciously, the children consciously. They are looking for goodness and they are not impressed by any secular way of finding it. They are up with Vedanta, Zen, Kierkegaard, Christ, the *lot*.

An excellent subject. One that fits in very well with the present moment in American life, and therefore has a powerful boost from the *Zeitgeist*. (All these German words, as always in literary discussion, signal a deep bewilderment. But *à nos moutons*.)

That bit in parenthesis was suspiciously like the sort of thing Buddy Glass comes out with. I let it stand, but only to show the dangers of the situation. Buddy Glass is the character who stands half-in, half-out of the fable and Tells The Story. Whether the episodes are in the first person singular or not, we are given to understand that Buddy is holding the pen, or at the typewriter. And Buddy is a bore. He is prolix, obsessed with his subject, given to rambling confidences, and altogether the last person to be at the helm in an enterprise like this. A college teacher (*that* makes the heart sink to begin with), he has a literary reputation about which he is agreeably modest (toothachingly), and, since Seymour committed suicide in 1948, Buddy is, at forty, the eldest Glass child.

I don't like Buddy much. He keeps chewing my ear off about things I don't want to know about. It's all right when he is simply telling a story, as he is in "Raise High the Roof Beam, Carpenters," but when he is just spitballing, in "Seymour – an Introduction," he's insufferable. He can't leave anything out. "Much like a man in a short story called 'Skule Skerry,' by John Buchan, which Arnold L. Sugarman, Jr., once pressed me to read during a very poorly-supervised study-hall period. . . ." I don't care about Arnold L. Sugarman and I don't want him brought in. Buddy keeps getting postcards from his brothers and sisters, "two of whom, it seems



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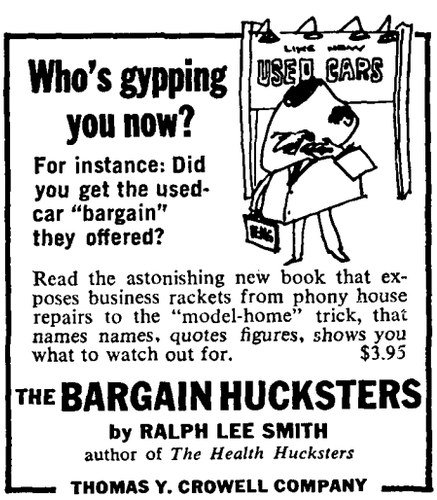
peculiarly worth adding, use ball-point pens." No, it doesn't. It seems peculiarly worth *leaving out*. A long letter from Seymour to Buddy, quoted in the text, "was written in pencil, on several sheets of notepaper that our mother had relieved the Bismarck Hotel, in Chicago, of, some years earlier." What was the doorman's name? Tell me that or it's no dice – I won't even *read* the letter.

There I go, falling into the temptation I mentioned at the beginning. The temptation to let go and just horse around (Anglice: act the goat). Don't think I'm not sorry. But how can one help it? This Buddy just cannot be taken seriously. Laughter is all he deserves. Particularly since he is an impostor anyway. He doesn't really exist, and so far from hiding the fact he is in a hurry to say so, to confess that he is really Mr. Salinger with a putty nose on. He keeps mentioning Mr. Salinger's previous work as his own, *e.g.*, "A few years ago, I published an exceptionally Haunting, Memorable, unpleasantly controversial, and thoroughly unsuccessful short story about a 'gifted' little boy aboard a transatlantic liner, and somewhere in it there was a detailed description of the boy's eyes." This story is, of course, "Teddy," and just to stop up the last exit-hole Buddy gives us a quotation from the story, an accurate one. So that all hope of keeping Buddy Glass apart from J. D. Salinger must be abandoned. Mr. Salinger has vanished into his own story. When Buddy Glass says "I" he means Mr. Salinger, who in turn talks about Buddy Glass as "my alter-ego and collaborator." And so the coy little game of pat-ball goes on, blurring the outlines, importing whimsy where whimsy has no right to be, and generally spoiling the atmosphere of seriousness, unstrained and unpompous but complete seriousness, which a writer like Salinger needs to work in.

One knows, of course, *why* Mr. Salinger does it – though the explanation doesn't make it any easier to bear. He does it because, like every *roman fleuve* about a family, the story is obsessive. The much-loved brother who died and yet remains a living presence; the younger sister whom one protects and also learns from: these themes are repeated from *The Catcher in the Rye*, and the repetition shows how deep and narrow is Mr. Salinger's material. The author himself is hypnotized by his own reveries, so that he sleep-walks into the story and pretends to be Buddy – not only that, but pretends to have been Buddy *all the time*. Why shouldn't he? Well, the short answer is that being a successful imaginative artist is a matter of being asleep with part of your mind and awake with part of it. In Mr. Salinger's case, the wrong part keeps going under. Perhaps one good shout, from all of us together.... Ready? One, two –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# *Everybody's A-Bomb?*

*by Robert E. Osgood*

The specter of many nations acquiring nuclear weapons has haunted the imagination of students of contemporary international politics from the beginning of the nuclear age. But the specter has not been subjected to the kind of intensive analysis that the military-political problems of the bipolar nuclear world have received. Recent preoccupation with the tangled issues of nuclear diffusion and control in NATO, however, foreshadows a more detailed and sophisticated concern with the multi-polar nuclear world that is emerging. And now the publication of this book by Leonard Beaton and John Maddox (respectively, the defense and science correspondents for *The Manchester Guardian*) for the Institute for Strategic Studies in London, provides the first full-length examination of the global problem of nuclear diffusion.

*The Spread of Nuclear Weapons*
by Leonard Beaton and John Maddox
(Praeger; $4.50)

There are three aspects of this problem which need to be studied: the prospect of additional powers acquiring their own nuclear weapons, the consequences of their acquiring these weapons, and the measures for dealing with the prospective or actual spread of nuclear acquisition. Beaton and Maddox say useful things about the second and third aspects, but their major contribution is a thorough examination of the first – the past, present, and probable future policies and programs of embryo and potential nuclear powers.

Unofficial analyses of the prospect of nuclear diffusion have heretofore depended for factual data largely on the National Planning Study of 1960, which dealt only with the technical and economic capacity of nations to make their own nuclear warheads in the foreseeable future, without foreign assistance. Beaton and Maddox examine the prospect of nuclear acquisition much more broadly. On the material side they consider in detail the capabilities of nations to meet numerous, diverse technical and economic requirements of developing and producing various delivery systems in addition to the warheads to go with them. They also discuss the likely effects of foreign assistance upon the acquisition of delivery systems and warheads taking into account the history of Euratom, the International Atomic Energy Agency, and the policies of the US and the USSR toward sharing nuclear information, materials, and weapons with allies and others. On the political side, the authors discuss the variety of military, economic and political motives that have encouraged or inhibited national efforts to acquire nuclear weapons and that might do so in the future.

They argue convincingly that nuclear acquisition or abstinence will not be determined simply by the material capacities of nations, but will be the



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result of a great variety of motives and interests interacting with technical and economic capabilities. The policies of Canada, India and Germany suggest the variety of motives that may dissuade some nations from deciding to manufacture nuclear weapons. The policies of Israel and Switzerland show the kinds of motives which may lead nations with much less capacity to seek an option of producing nuclear weapons. The experiences of Britain, France, and China show the practical difficulties that nations with both the will and capacity to become nuclear powers can encounter in fulfilling their ambitions.

The conclusions Beaton and Maddox draw about the prospect of independent nuclear ownership in particular countries are unavoidably conjectural, yet well-reasoned and plausible. To those who have followed in American publications the prospect of nuclear diffusion, the chapters on India and Israel may be the most informative, but they will find even the chapters on the well-publicized British and French nuclear efforts instructive.

On the over-all prospect of nuclear diffusion, they find no justification for the view that the spread of nuclear weapons to a dozen or even one or two additional powers is *inevitable*, even (one might infer) in the absence of formal arms agreements to stop the spread. Furthermore, they suggest that the emergence of one or two additional nuclear powers would not necessarily lead to the creation of a dozen. In any case, the evidence indicates that even in France and China the acquisition of a few nuclear weapons, as opposed to the achievement of a few nuclear explosions, is farther in the future – probably in the 1970's – than many have supposed.

Why, then, all the worry? The answer that these two moderately worried students of the problem convey is that, whatever the prospects may be in the next five to ten years, in the long run the spread of nuclear weapons is sufficiently likely, and likely to be sufficiently dangerous, to give considerable urgency to the task of impeding a development that now lies in delicate balance. They believe that a number of countries which will be technically capable of making nuclear weapons will also be able to afford a "serious nuclear weapons force" as well as a "blackmail force" when they become wealthier and industrially stronger. They speculate that if China develops nuclear weapons, if Israel chooses to produce nuclear weapons, if Switzerland or Sweden undertakes a nuclear program, the desire of other potential nuclear nations to follow suit, if only to maintain their relative position in the field of international power, might be irresist-

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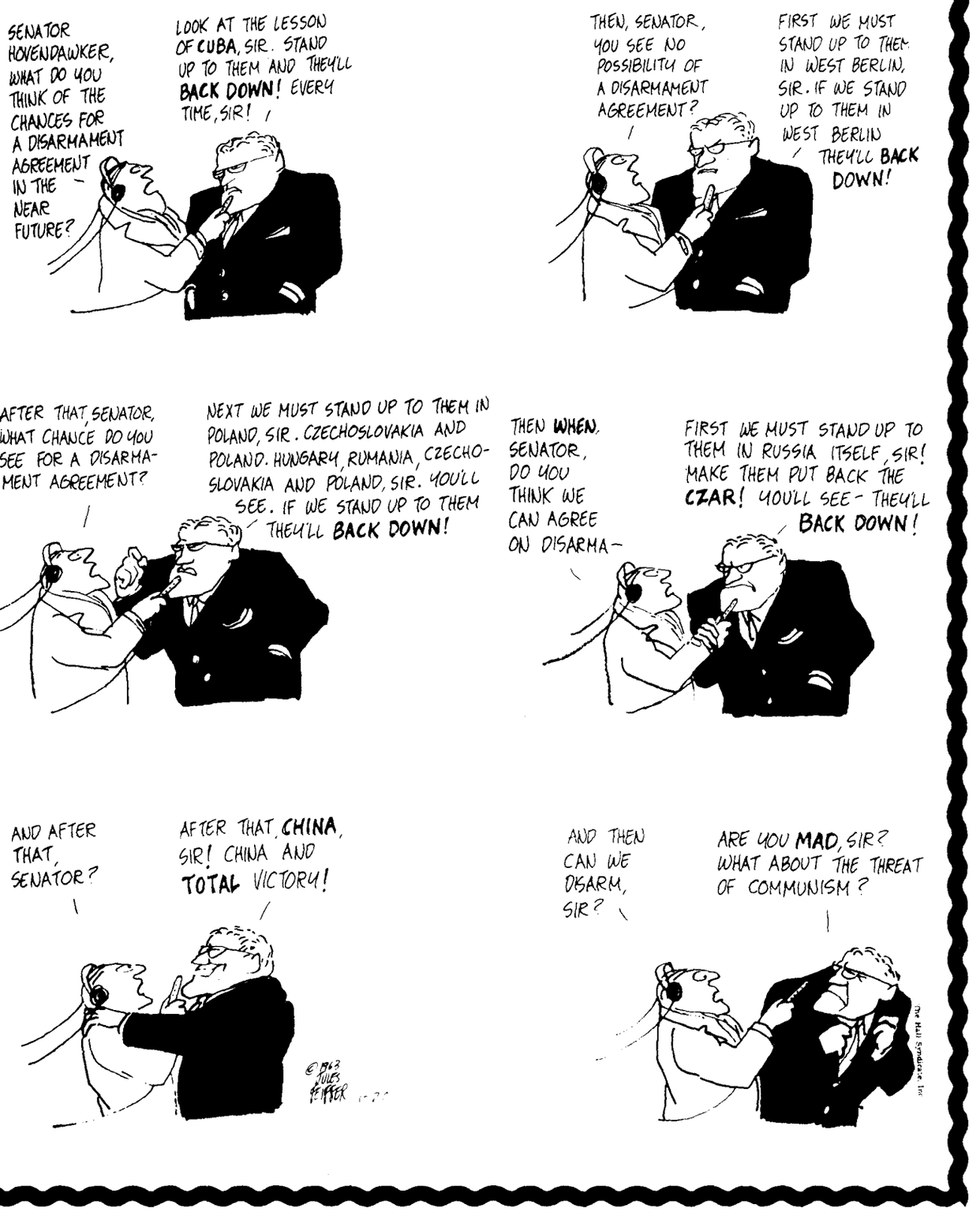
SENATOR HOVENDAWKER, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE CHANCES FOR A DISARMAMENT AGREEMENT IN THE NEAR FUTURE?
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THEN, SENATOR, YOU SEE NO POSSIBILITY OF A DISARMAMENT AGREEMENT?
FIRST WE MUST STAND UP TO THEM IN WEST BERLIN, SIR. IF WE STAND UP TO THEM IN WEST BERLIN THEY'LL BACK DOWN!
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ible. Yet "once a country has reliable and tested nuclear weapons it has a potentiality which no renunciation can entirely remove."

For a number of specific reasons the authors believe that the spread of these weapons would be a serious threat to international stability and peace, although they are far too sophisticated to swallow C. P. Snow's and Bertrand Russell's thesis about the statistical certainty of an accidental thermonuclear catastrophe. Therefore, they conclude by asking how the spread of nuclear weapons can be limited as soon as possible. Their answer is an effective International Atomic Energy Agency, a nuclear test ban, and a nuclear production cut-off in order to create an anti-nuclear climate that will enable the opponents of nuclear diffusion – most notably the US and USSR – to apply a variety of formal and informal pressures to discourage nuclear aspirants: "It should be the aim of all governments to maintain and extend the present situation in which many countries prefer holding an option to embarking on the uncertain cost and effort (with an uncertain increase in security) involved in an independent force." They are not pessimistic about the chance of achieving this goal.

Whether Beaton and Maddox are right or wrong in their prognostications and remedies, they have written an admirable introduction to the problems of a possible multipolar nuclear world, which, if it comes into being, will certainly contain even more surprises than the bipolar nuclear arms race has provided.

## FILMS

# *Savagery, Sardou, Silents*

*A Dog's Life* is an Italian documentary whose original title *Mondo Cane* is more accurately translated *Lousy World.* It is a compilation of sensational, sordid, cruel phenomena, drawn from all over the world with an eye for show-biz shock and a pretense of impartial natural history. Among other episodes you can see: a Pasadena pet cemetery, with ludicrous headstones and marcelled mourners, juxtaposed with a Formosan restaurant where customers choose a puppy that is then killed and cooked for them; a Polynesian island, where the chief's prospective brides are caged and fattened, juxtaposed with shots of stout old women exercising at Vic Tanny's; scenes of booze-soaked degradation in the waterfront district of Hamburg (Brahms' birthplace and now just as squalid though neon-lighted); a painter who has his models cover their bodies with color and then directs them as they press against a large canvas; Gurka warriors decapitating young bulls at a single stroke; a Singapore "house of death" where old people are taken to die because their homes are crowded; Calabrian penitents who gouge their legs with broken glass and then run barefoot in blood ahead of the Good Friday procession.

*A Dog's Life* (Times)
*Madame* (Embassy)
*A Stranger Knocks* (Trans-Lux)
*30 Years of Fun* (20th Century-Fox)

Fitfully reminiscent of the American films *On the Bowery* and *The Savage Eye,* it is at least free of their philosophical pretensions. (Obviously it would be easy to assemble another documentary showing that life around the world is painless and tranquil.) The lush color and syrupy score underline this picture's sheerly commercial intent. It is like a film edition of one of those ostentatiously true male magazines.

Sardou's *Madame Sans-Gêne,* written in 1893, was made famous by Madame Réjane who indeed filmed some scenes from it. It is the story of Catherine, a high-spirited Parisian laundress in the days of the Revolution, who does the young Napoleon's shirts and eventually marries one of his soldiers. In the Emperor's favor, the soldier rises to a dukedom, but the washerwoman-duchess is an impediment to his being made

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a king. The Emperor suggests divorce. The climax is a confrontation between Catherine and her old client Napoleon in which her free-and-easy manner carries the day. It is all robust "well-made-play" nonsense, and every bit of its flavor and fun has been lost in the Franco-Italian color film called *Madame*, starring Sophia Loren. Miss Loren could easily have played the part for all it is worth, but the director, Christian-Jaque, is one of the clumsiest now practicing and the co-star, Robert Hossein, is one of the dullest screen actors, a Gallic Hardy Kruger. The *coup de grâce* is that the version shown here is in English with, presumably, only Miss Loren dubbing herself. The sound-track is so wildly translated and so badly timed that it would be unfair to use this film as an argument against dubbing. The only possible motive for going to this picture is to see Miss Loren in and out of some fetching Empire costumes.

The Danes don't send us many films, and, judging by those we see, we can be grateful. The most recent is *A Stranger Knocks*, which won a prize as the best Danish picture of the year. This may well be true.

A latter-day Sardou has written it. In 1947 a fugitive takes refuge in an isolated house on the sea where a young woman lives alone. She is still mourning the death of her husband, a member of the Resistance who was killed by a Danish Quisling. She and the fugitive become lovers. At the climax of a sexual embrace she sees a scar on his arm which reveals that this is the very man who shot her husband during the war! (But is one exclamation point enough?)

This feeble film has two items of interest. First, it has, in effect, only two actors. (There is one very brief appearance by a third.) Second – as shown to the press – it depicts on camera an act of intercourse from start to finish. I note this only in a historian's vein. Burrough's *Naked Lunch* is an outpost in trade-publishing liberality; *A Stranger Knocks* is an outpost in non-blue films. But the man and woman here are fully clothed, so there is still room for progress.

I add – and add it as a despiser of censorship – that I have not yet seen a detailed sexual encounter in a film that was germane to characterization or story.

*30 Years of Fun* (this is a *non sequitur* from the above) is another anthology of silent comedy and is no worse than the others that have come along lately: which is to say that none of these anthologies is preferable to four or five of the short films it condenses and that, here as before, the material transcends the framework that tries to make the anthology itself into a film in its own right. *30 Years* contains generous chunks of Langdon, Laurel and Hardy, Charlie Chase, Billy Bevan. Its best scenes are, inevitably, those of Charlie Chaplin. (There is also a bit of his brother, Sid.) My next favorites were the Buster Keaton excerpts. The sequence in which Keaton gradually accelerates his flight from a cop is a perfect *pas de deux*.

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## ART

# *Biederman and "The New Art"*

Charles Biederman had his last New York exhibition a quarter of a century ago. Early in World War II, he was exhibited in Chicago by Katherine Kuh. At that time, Biederman retired to Red Wing, Minn., where he still lives, and began to make what he calls "the new art," which he regards as the logical development of Monet, Cézanne and Mondrian, an odd sequence but one which is verified in Biederman's work.

Long invisible in New York, Biederman never did become visible in Paris or Rome. But his work has found a sympathetic reception in the periphery countries of modern art. He found patrons and even disciples in the Lowlands, in Sweden and in England, where his work is seen as related to that of Victor Pasmore and Ben Nicolson. He has his most fervent following in what is perhaps the premiere periphery country in modern art, Canada. Not on the St. Lawrence, not on the Pacific, but in the middle of the Canadian vastness, at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon, the theories of Biederman have been expounded, refined, propagated, illustrated and made manifest in the work of a growing number of practitioners. There are at least two regularly published journals dealing with the "new art," *Structure*, in Amsterdam, and *The Structurist*, in Saskatoon.

The mention of magazines raises the possibility that the "new art" has a large share of the old rhetoric in it and sure enough, it does. Biederman himself has written several books expounding Structurism as a future imperative. In Amsterdam, Saskatoon and elsewhere, a great deal of the energy of those involved in Biederman's kind of art is spent not on making art but on constructing chains of historical reasoning demonstrating – a) that all other



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art is the illusory survival of things that have to be dead, b) that Structurism is called for not only by the history of art but also by the latest developments in science, including sociology, and by the nature of man, and, not least, c) that assorted other practitioners of Structurism are either *soi-disant*, premature, or limping imitations of the particular variant favored by the writer.

When Vasari invented art history, he took it for granted that his new field could exist only as a present evaluation of the past; today, art history is universally practiced as present prognostication of the future, a kind of cultural handicapping with neither the scientific background nor the proven probability of many methods of picking the horses. The New Art espoused by Biederman – also called Structurism, Constructionism and Synthesism – would thus seem to qualify for inclusion in the pantheon of contemporary art styles: it regards itself as the only possible way to make art; it has developed its theology simultaneously with its revelation; and it has already produced its own schisms and heresies.

Columbia University now provides us – through the middle of February – with a small but instructive exhibition of the paintings and structures of Charles Biederman. It is significant that the show takes place under the auspices and on the property of the School of Architecture. If ever an art was designed to solve the so far insoluble problems of modern art and modern architecture, it is that of Biederman.

The first half of the show consists of paintings done in the mid-thirties. There is an immediately evident connection with Leger, but it is deceptive. Whereas Leger almost always presented forms from nature – men and women, bicycles, flowers – Biederman never did; and whereas Leger presented his three-dimensional forms flatted out, or very nearly flattened out, into two dimensions, Biederman did the same thing in reverse. He took abstract shapes, such as rectangles and lines, and painted them as three dimensional. In the late thirties, intoxicated by Mondrian and already developing his historical imperatives, Biederman moved into three actual dimensions by building and coloring reliefs. The only two early examples in the show, from 1938 and '39, resemble nothing so much as

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wooden models of the façades of apartment houses built in the atmosphere created by Mondrian.

The rest of the show is devoted to Biederman's structurist reliefs of the 1950's and these make the whole enterprise worth while. Biederman's all too thoroughly articulated philosophy bases his art on the difficulty of evading the artistic "abyss" that Mondrian saw as inevitable following his own work. The younger man evidently feels that by extending his shapes into actual space and perhaps by adding the secondary colors to Mondrian's primaries, he has o'erleapt the abyss. In fact, all this philosophical brinkmanship is irrelevent. Biederman has got over Mondrian's abyss by getting over Mondrian. The rectangles and lines remain, but very little else does. The austerity is completely gone and is replaced by a lush, shimmering, subtle and complex visual field. In totally abstract terms, we are back among the purple shadows of Monet's haystacks.

The structural part of Biederman's structures is simplicity itself. To a sheet of aluminum he fastens, by metal screws completely hidden, small rectangles of aluminum in various colors. The rectangles are all perpendicular to the surface and they are either vertical or horizontal in relation to one another, no diagonals. The color is sprayed on and looks almost anodized; a high degree of mechanical perfection is achieved in the parts. What is not mechanical is their arrangement on the surface. Viewed straight on, the rectangles present their edges, perhaps an eighth of an inch thick, which catch the light more vividly that either their sides or the ground sheet. The composition thus appears as an arrangement of glowing lines in space, hovering out from a luminous ground. Viewed from an angle of 45 degrees, more depth appears, though the glowing lines remain. Closer examination reveals an extraordinary color development in the ground sheet itself. The rectangles are dimly reflected in the sheet, not defined but in small color areas. Color affects color and from the basic shades of, say, green, yellow, blue and purple, the whole spectrum appears in shadow or reflection.

This color range is ordered by the placing of the rectangles in the ground sheet. In the Columbia show, two chief arrangements are followed. In the earlier, mostly done about ten years ago, vertical strips of painted aluminum, arranged somewhat like organ pipes, stand out from the ground and there is a lot of white in the compositions, making for relatively simple color reflections, as on snow. In the later manner, Biederman opens up his composition, uses what amounts to runs or trills of small pieces, sometimes centered on a strong vertical, sometimes on the absence of one. In these there is no white at all. As you look at these compositions and particularly as you move across their field, thus seeing them as in part subtle, in part abrupt, sequences of change, you also become aware of invisible, overlapping circles underlying each arrangement.

In the work of Charles Biederman, geometric abstraction, which has been around for about half a century, has entered its Baroque age, where it is much more humanly rewarding than it ever was during its years of holy simplicity.

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## RECORDS

# *Back to the Baroque*

Bach's six Sonatas and Partitas for unaccompanied violin are among the works in which he set himself difficult problems on which to exercise his technical skill – in this instance the problem of contriving a progression of melody supported by occasional chords that could be performed on the violin. And the difficulties they present to the performer – the difficulty, above all, of producing the chords without breaking the continuity of the melody – place these works among the accepted monuments of the violin literature with which the performer demonstrates his technical and musical prowess to the public. For this public "Bach" is synonymous with "great"; but actually solving the technical problem was not equivalent to writing great or even enjoyable music; and to my ears the operation is genuinely creative and expressive only in the Chaconne of the Sonata No. 4 (Partita No. 2) and the Prelude of the Sonata No. 6 (Partita No. 3), while elsewhere it merely goes through the motions of creation and produces only the external appearance of expressiveness. It is, as I have said, Bach's name that I think awes the listener – as it does the performer – into accepting the appearance as reality, into hearing an expressive content that isn't there, and into believing that this content is especially difficult to hear because it is especially profound. And in addition the expressive eloquence of the performance may mislead the listener into thinking the eloquence is in the music. This is true even of performances like Milstein's on Capitol PCR-8370, which, in addition to surmounting the technical difficulties impressively, are made musically impressive by his phrasing.



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But it is especially true of Szigeti's performances on Vanguard BG-627/9 (mono only). Even the uninteresting music is made engrossing by the powerful sculpturing of each phrase with continuous tension from note to note, the creating of further continuity of tension and shape from one phrase to the next in the building of the large structure; and they produce a performance of the great Chaconne that is nothing less than tremendous – the like of which I have heard only from Szigeti in the past and don't expect to hear from anyone else in the future. And for those who have heard Szigeti play recently I add the reassurance that these Bach performances, recorded in 1955, are accurate in pitch and agreeable in tone.

Concerning the six Brandenburg Concertos too I feel that Bach's name causes the public to listen to the less interesting Nos. 1, 5 and 6 with the same respect as to the engaging Nos. 2, 3 and 4; and that here too the public may attribute to the music what actually is the attractiveness of playing like that of the Busch Chamber Players in their historic performances on Angel COLC-13 and 14, or that of the Netherlands Chamber Orchestra under Szymon Goldberg in the performances on Epic SC-6032. To these may be added the performances on Angel 3627 (mono), which are made outstanding by Klemperer's sufficiently animated tempos, by the Philharmonia Orchestra's beautiful playing, and by the extraordinary work of the soloists. Most extraordinary is Adolf Scherbaum's execution of the difficult high trumpet part in No. 2; and George Malcolm, whose harpsichord solo in the Bath Festival performance of No. 5 was excessively mannered, plays it simply and effectively this time.

On the other hand, Klemperer's insufficiently animated tempos make the performance of the *Pathétique* Symphony with the Philharmonia Orchestra on Angel 35787 (mono) ineffective.

Menuhin, who has conducted the Bath Festival Chamber Orchestra in good performances of Bach, is more impressive as a conductor than as a violinist in Mozart's fine Concertos K.216 and 218 on Angel 35745 (mono). That is, he gets the orchestra to play not only with precision, grace and incisive style, but with a beauty of tone that he doesn't achieve on the violin.

The Juilliard Quartet's performances, on Epic SC-6043 (mono), of Mozart's six Quartets dedicated to Haydn – K.387, 421, 428, 458 *(Hunt)*, 464 and 465 – leave the Budapest Quartet's performances of ten years ago on Columbia SL-187 still the ones to acquire of those beautiful works. For one thing the Juilliard's playing suffers from the flawed tone of the first violin; at times – notably in K. 421 – it lacks the sensitiveness of execution and phrasing that is unfailing in the Budapest's playing; the Juilliard phrases the opening movement of K.421 less powerfully than the Budapest; in the Andante of K. 421 it exhibits too often its tendency to slow down the end of a passage and to pause before beginning the next passage; and the first movement of K.428 is one of those in which it reveals its lack of the Budapest's sense for exactly the right tempo.

Those who love early music will enjoy the pieces by Gabrieli, Scheidt, Morley and others, as played on old instruments by the Concentus Musicus on Vanguard BG-626 (mono only), *Instrumental Music of the Year 1600.*

And everyone will enjoy Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* as it is performed under Anthony Lewis' efficient direction on London OL-50216 and SOL-60047, with impressive singing by Janet Baker as Dido, good singing by the other soloists (except for Monica Sinclair's nasal snarling as the Sorceress) and the St. Anthony Singers, and good playing by the English Chamber Orchestra with Thurston Dart at the harpsichord. Excellent as the performance is, it doesn't displace the old Mermaid Theater performance with Flagstad's overwhelming singing, still available on Electrola 90031.

The extraordinarily lovely soprano voice of Tiana Lemnitz, the Pamina in

## NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

John Wain's *newest book is a novel,* Strike the Father Dead. Robert E. Osgood *is a professor at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies.*


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B. H. HAGGIN

"THE NEW YORK *newspaper strike continues, Cleveland is without a press, the docks are tied up along the entire Atlantic seaboard, Philadelphians are without a transit system, and manufacturers are building up their inventories of steel against the likelihood of another strike by the steelworkers during the summer. And President Kennedy, from his august platform, advises the new Congress that what we need is a domestic Peace Corps.*"

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# *Correspondence*

## "Coffee-Break" in Soviet Literature

*Sirs:*

In his otherwise perceptive account of the "coffee-break" in Soviet literature, Professor Gleb Struve (February 2) overstates the reluctance of the novelist Yury Bondarev to name names while exposing the evils of Stalinism. Professor Struve writes that in Bondarev's *Tishina (Stillness)*:

> "... Stalin himself is not even mentioned: Bondarev still uses the pseudonymous cloak of the 'cult of the personality'; when any names are introduced they are those of Stalin's henchmen, who are made the main scapegoats."

This argument is questionable, even aside from the fact that Bondarev introduces the name of Stalin on at least seven different occasions. To this reader there is little doubt that Bondarev's Stalin is the inscrutable beneficiary, if not the outright perpetrator, of his henchmen's excesses. Take, for instance, the following passage. The young war hero Sergey Vokhmintsev is reeling from his father's arbitrary arrest and from the scarcely veiled threats of secret police officers. Ahead lie Sergey's expulsion from the Party, his forced resignation from a mining institute, and the apparent wreck of his engineering career. Sergey asks himself in anguish:

> "What, has the yardstick of human value changed? Who could have done this? Who needed my father's arrest? Why? Where is truth (*istina*)? Who knows it? Only Stalin? Does he know it and tolerate it? What's behind it? What's the sense of it all?"

Somehow, these questions never find an answer.

There are other examples, including the hero's imprudent refusal to drink a New Year's toast to Stalin, the arrest of a fellow student for verses lampooning the dictator, and finally these words from Sergey's father which were



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smuggled (somehow) out of the Lubianka:

> "No, the most terrible thing is not the interrogations, not the rudeness, not the tortures, but the fact that a man cannot prove his integrity when they try to force you to sign and to destroy what you have created and loved all your life. All of this has to end like an unbelievable mistake, just as one cannot believe that all the monstrous things I have seen here are covered by love for Stalin."

The "coffee-break" may be a very tentative affair in many respects. But not for a long time has the Soviet reader had such an easy time reading between the lines.

*F. Jackson Piotrow*
*Washington, D. C.*

## The TV Disaster

*Sirs:*

Paul Goodman describes network television as a "continuing disaster," recommends that the networks be broken up and that "decentralized control" of TV be turned over, "on any plausible principle," to purely local entities.

That phrase, "on any plausible principle," scares hell out of me. "Plausible" was a pet Hitlerian ploy.

Mr. Goodman wants TV to deal with "the real world" and apparently thinks that local TV can do this better than the networks are doing it. He wants "honest and inventive" talent on the local level "to get a hearing and try to win their way."

Win their way where, for heaven's sake? Where does local talent go after winning its way to WZZZ, Smalltown, Iowa? Does it stay in Smalltown forever, bringing "the expression of folk needs and the development of folk culture" to Smalltown's thrice-blessed viewers? Was Mr. Goodman's book, *Growing Up Absurd* (an apt title), published by a Smalltown publisher and distributed only in Smalltown? Are none of the rest of us to have the pleasure of reading it?

The local station came first. The network came later because it was needed. How else does a three-man interview with President Kennedy or a Cronkite interview with Eisenhower reach the homes of all 180 million of us?

There is hardly a major talent on or behind the network air that didn't get its start in Smalltown. And now Mr. Goodman wants them all to go back home, thus neatly solving all the acknowledged ills of network TV.

Good grief!

*Dan Jenkins*
*Hollywood, Calif.*

## What Friedenberg Meant

*Sirs:*

I just read Samuel Shapiro's article "Listen Yankee Revisited" (January 19). Professor Shapiro quoted me twice in this article, once out of context and the other time shifting the year one year later – making 1961 what I wrote in 1960; and a year in the Cuban Revolution makes an enormous difference.

Normally, I pay no attention to such slips. However, Professor Shapiro quoted me before in another article several years ago and changed the words. A batting average like this makes me skeptical as to the use of the quoting. This is especially lamentable because I agree with much of the thought of Samuel Shapiro and violently disagree with his recent dismissal from Michigan State University. But we need truth from the Left for the very reason there is so little truth elsewhere.

*Daniel M. Friedenberg*
*New York, N. Y.*


*ANNOUNCEMENT*

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